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THE FOREIGN POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES

BY J. A. R MARRIOTT

ILLUSIONS about America die hard; but as a rule it takes longer to kill them on this side of the Atlantic than on the other. For example, here the belief still lingers that the American Constitution, in striking contrast to our own, sprang Minerva-like from the brain of Zeus, or at least from the brains of the 'Fathers of the Constitution.' Mr. Gladstone lent his great authority to this illusion. Sir Henry Maine lent his to another, which is even now by no means dissipated: 'That the Constitution of the United States . . . is in reality a version of the British Constitution as it must have presented itself to an observer in the second half of the last (that is, the eighteenth) century.' The researches of American scholars, notably those of Mr. S. G. Fisher, have effectually corrected these prevalent misapprehensions. They have shown that the American Constitution is not a copy of any 'original'; that it is preëminently native, and that, so far from being the result of sudden inspiration, many of its most characteristic features are as much the result of gradual evolution as the British Constitution itself.

Not less persistent is the illusion, which has prevailed in England, in regard to the foreign policy of the United States. In no respect has America been more fortunate, so it is commonly believed and affirmed, than in the lack of anything which can properly be described as a foreign policy, and in the absence of any need for one. Even Lord Bryce, at any rate when he wrote *The American Commonwealth*, seems to have inclined to this view. Disposed as he was to criticize with some severity the arrangements for the conduct of foreign affairs — in particular the dual control of the Secretary of State and the Senatorial Committee on Foreign Relations — he argued, in effect, that the defects of constitutional machinery do not much matter because 'America is not Europe,' and 'in foreign policy . . . the United States has little to do.'

That this view has never been wholly accurate is clearly shown by Professor J. B. Moore of Columbia University. He writes:

> As conventionalized in the annual messages of Presidents to Congress, the American people are distinguished chiefly by their peaceful disposition and their free-

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dom from territorial ambitions. Nevertheless, in spite of their quiet propensities, it has fallen to their lot, since they forcibly achieved their independence, to have had four foreign wars, three general, and one limited, and the greatest civil war in history, and to have acquired a territorial domain almost five times as great as the respectable endowment with which they began their national career.

The point here emphasized is one which English commentators on American politics are curiously apt to overlook. No country in the world exhibited, during the nineteenth century, a more marked tendency to territorial expansion than the United States of America. The expansion was mainly, it is true, upon American soil, and the annexations were effected for the most part by purchase or other forms of peaceful negotiation — a fact which has largely contributed to the illusion to which reference has been made. Foreign critics have been disposed — perhaps too readily — to assign such transactions to the sphere of domestic politics, and consequently to minimize the part which foreign affairs — or affairs which would be 'foreign' in any country less 'continental' in character than the United States — have played in the politics of the American people.

A cursory glance at the course of American expansion in the nineteenth century will conclusively establish the truth of this proposition. The area of the territory formally ceded by Great Britain to the United States in 1783 was about 827,844 square miles. Of this considerably less than half belonged to the original thirteen colonies which occupied the narrow strip between the Atlantic and the Alleghanies. The larger half comprised the hinterland between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi, out of which were carved the states of Kentucky (admitted 1791) and Tennessee (1796), and the vast tract originally known as the Northwest Territory. This territory was for many years held by the United States as 'federal domain,' but was gradually, between the years 1803 and 1858, carved up into the fully constituted states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and part of Minnesota. Long before this process was accomplished the United States had taken the first of many steps on the path of territorial expansion, a step which involved the absorption of a considerable population of European origin, alien in blood and creed to the people of the original states. Planted and peopled by Frenchmen, and for more than a century one of the most cherished possessions of the French Crown, the great colony of Louisiana was handed over by France to Spain in 1763. Napoleon, intent upon reviving the Imperial glories of the old régime, recovered it in 1801; but, foreseeing that on the rupture of the Peace of Amiens, all the oversea possessions of France must fall to the mistress of the seas, he prudently pawned it to President Jefferson for $15,000,000. That he intended to redeem it on the conclusion of a general peace can hardly be doubted; but the occasion did not arise, and the United States became, by a presidential act, as bold as it was unconstitutional, possessed in perpetuity of a territory which more than doubled her area. Out of this vast territory no less than twelve states were ultimately created.

To the purchase of Louisiana from Napoleon was added, in 1819, the purchase of Florida from Spain. The next two acquisitions belong to a somewhat different category, and ultimately involved the United States in hostilities which American historians betray no eagerness to justify. Texas was originally part of the empire of

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Mexico, but in the third and fourth decades of the century it received a steady stream of immigrants from the United States; in 1833 it proclaimed its independence of Mexico, and shortly afterwards began to negotiate for admission to the Union. The slave states of the South were by this time beginning to discover that slave-culture, particularly the culture of tobacco, was peculiarly exhausting to the soil, and they clearly foresaw that, from economic causes alone, slavery itself was doomed to gradual extinction unless the slave owners could acquire virgin land apt for the production of those crops, notably cotton and tobacco, to which their slaves were accustomed, and which yielded a profitable return to slave labor. Hence the anxiety of the South for the admission of Texas; and hence, also, the opposition of the North.

The South prevailed. Texas was formally admitted in 1845, and the United States thus annexed a territory more than four times as large as England and Wales. But the annexation of Texas had even larger consequences. An acrimonious dispute as to the definition of the boundaries of the new state arose between its old masters and its new, with the result that Mexico was goaded into war, and President Polk had the satisfaction of bringing under the Stars and Stripes, the 'First Mexican Cession,' a territory nearly as large as France, Spain, and Germany combined, containing 591,318 square miles, and including the coveted auriferous soil of California. To this consummation another factor powerfully contributed. In Texas, Great Britain could claim no direct interest; but, partly from her strong conviction as to the immorality of slavery, she had disapproved of its annexation to the United States. In California, Great Britain might feel a more material interest. Were its coasts not lapped by the waves ruled by Britannia? Was not San Francisco a promising harbor for the reception of the Pacific squadron? Was not California contiguous to the Oregon territory, which had long been a subject of dispute between the two governments? The Rush-Bagot convention of 1818 deliberately postponed a settlement of this thorny question by a timid provision that the whole region, 'so far as claimed by either Great Britain or the United States, should for ten years be free and open to the vessels, citizens, and subjects of the two Powers.' A settlement was again postponed in the conventions concluded in 1828, but the difficulty was at last composed in June, 1846, and the boundary between British North America and the United States was defined from ocean to ocean. Canada secured Vancouver Island and the navigation of the Columbia River; the United States acquired a large territory which is now represented by the states of Oregon, Washington, and Idaho.

One other big deal, but one only, remains to be recorded. Thus far the advance of the United States from ocean to ocean had been territorially continuous; each westward step was a natural sequel, if not a necessary consequence, of the previous one. The progress made was, therefore, the less noticeable, if not less substantial. The considerations involved seemed to belong rather to the domain of domestic than to that of foreign policy. The purchase of the Alaskan territory in 1867 from Russia was a more obvious demonstration of an imperialistic temper. Moreover, the fact that the newly acquired territory was separated from the United States by British North America, and that it brought the states into close contact

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with Asiatic Russia might have seemed likely to involve America much more closely than heretofore in the politics of the old world. As a fact, the Alaska purchase led to a series of boundary disputes between Great Britain and the United States, which were not finally composed until the conclusion of the Arbitration Treaty of 1903. Nor is Canada even yet reconciled to the concessions then made to the American claims by Lord Alverstone. Alaska added more than 500,000 square miles to American territory.

This summary will at least suffice to show that the American record of expansion does not fall behind that of the principal European Powers in the nineteenth century. In less than a hundred years after the recognition of independence the United States was more than quadrupled in size. As Professor Ramsay Muir truly says:

> The imperialist spirit was working as powerfully in the democratic communities of the New World as in the monarchies of Europe. Not content with the possession of vast and almost unpeopled areas, they had spread their dominion from ocean to ocean, and built up an empire less extensive indeed than that of Russia, but even more compact, far richer in resources, and far better suited to be the home of a highly civilized people.

Thus far attention has been concentrated upon one aspect of American foreign policy; the rapid territorial expansion upon the North American Continent. It is a remarkable fact that this westward advance was achieved almost without bloodshed. Yet it must not be forgotten that the advance was largely, though indirectly, responsible for the Civil War. That war might never have occurred had the United States been strictly limited to its original territory; had there been no opportunity of expansion. Otherwise, the only bloodshed directly traceable to the movement was the Mexican War of 1846. Frequently, not to say continuously, were the relations between the United States and Great Britain severely strained, but the strain was due to causes only remotely connected with this development, and after 1814 the peace was never broken.

To this single breach of the peace between the two great English-speaking nations it is now necessary briefly to refer. That breach was almost accidental, and ought to have been avoided, yet the underlying causes, apart from the immediate occasion of the war of 1812, afford an apt illustration of the peculiar genius of American foreign policy. In American policy as in the American character a foreigner seems to detect a curious but striking blend of high idealism and shrewd practicality. The Declaration of Independence is pervaded by both qualities. On the one hand, the preamble is redolent of the abstract philosophy of Rousseau, and anticipates the language of the French Declaration of the Rights of Man; on the other, the laborious enumeration of grievances recalls the English Bill of Rights. Similarly in regard to foreign relations: the outbreak of war between the French Republic and Great Britain in 1793 seemed to offer to the young Republic of the West an opportunity of repaying some portion of the debt which, undoubtedly, it owed to France. The United States was, moreover, specifically pledged by treaty to defend the French possessions in America. In 1793 a French plenipotentiary, Edmond Genest, arrived in America to claim the fulfillment of the pledge. So outrageous, however, was the envoy's behavior that in 1794 Washington demanded his recall. Meanwhile, the American President had issued (April 22, 1793), a

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declaration of neutrality. That declaration caused hardly more disappointment in France than in America, and chiefly served to stimulate the growing hostility against Great Britain. Supremely anxious to avoid a breach of neutrality Washington then dispatched Chief Justice Jay to London, and through his good offices a treaty of amity and commerce was concluded between the two countries in November, 1794. The Jay Treaty guaranteed the neutrality of the States, it adjusted some minor grievances on both sides, but, to the bitter chagrin of the Americans, it failed to touch any of the larger questions at issue between England and America: the right of search and the right of impressment, or the vexed question of paper blockades. Consequently, though Great Britain agreed to surrender the forts she still held on the Canadian frontiers, and to compensate American merchants for the damages they had suffered under the Order in Council of November, 1793, the treaty did little to appease the feelings of the anti-British party in the States.

Two years later George Washington bade farewell to office, and on doing so took the opportunity to lay down with precision the lines of the policy which he desired his countrymen to pursue:

> The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign Nations is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little *political* connection as possible. . . . Europe has a set of primary interests which to us have none, or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves, by artificial ties, in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities. Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. . . . Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, humor, or caprice? It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world.

Washington, it will be observed, drew a sharp distinction between the 'extension of commerce' and implication in the 'ordinary vicissitudes of European politics.' But at such a moment in world-history it was not easy to maintain the distinction or to avoid implication. The continued neutrality of the United States was bitterly resented by France, and the terms of the Jay Treaty were the object of severe and even vituperative criticism. Special envoys were sent from America to France to smooth over the difficulties, but the insulting treatment accorded to them by the Directory brought the two countries to the brink of war. Washington was summoned from his retirement to take command of a provisional army; a Navy Department was hastily organized; and in 1798 American squadrons captured several French ships in the West Indies. Serious developments were, however, avoided by the overthrow of the Directory and Napoleon's advent to power, and under the Consulate friendly relations between the United States and France were quickly restored.

On his accession to office in 1801, Jefferson reaffirmed in phrase even more trenchant, the maxims first enunciated by Washington:

> Peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none.

About the same time the new President wrote to his friend, Tom Paine:

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> We shall avoid implicating ourselves with the Powers of Europe, even in support of principles which we mean to pursue. They have so many other interests different from ours that we must avoid being entangled in them.

Seven years later Jefferson insisted that the supreme object of the policy of the United States 'must be to exclude all European influence from this hemisphere.' It was easier to enunciate the principles of non-intervention and American isolation than in practice to maintain the corresponding policy. In 1806 the Jay Treaty expired, and all attempts to find a new basis of agreement between Great Britain and America proved unavailing. It would, indeed, have been marvelous had the attempts been successful, for the attitudes of England and America on an issue vital to both, were irreconcilably opposed. As an attractive phrase the 'freedom of the seas' appealed, as it always has, to American idealism, while a shrewd business instinct rendered the Americans reluctant to abandon, at the bidding of the dominant maritime and commercial Power, a carrying trade which was becoming increasingly lucrative. Great Britain, on the contrary, in a contest *à outrance* with Napoleon, was driven to enforce with increasing rigor those principles of maritime law to which she had long in theory adhered.

By an Order in Council of 1794 Great Britain prohibited direct trade between France and her colonies; in 1798 she issued a similar injunction in regard to trade between France, Holland, and Spain and their colonies. These orders cleared the ocean of enemy shipping, but in the earlier and less rigorous phases of the war they were worked to the advantage of neutrals. By the adoption of the device of 'transhipment,' or breaking bulk, the United States and other neutrals were able to transfer much of the trade of belligerents to themselves. In order to put a stop to the practice on the part of the Scandinavian States, whose ships from the French or Spanish West Indies were in the habit of landing goods at French or Dutch ports as they passed, the British Government in 1799 declared the Dutch Coast under blockade. This did little to deter American captains, who shipped their cargoes in the West Indies, ran into Charlestown, obtained a clearance for their goods in an American port, and carried the colonial cargo to Europe, secure from any interference from British ships. In time, however, this colorable process was interrupted by a decision of the English Court of Admiralty which declared such voyages to be in effect 'continuous.' To evade this decision the Americans then adopted the practice of actually landing their cargoes at an American port and transhipping them, and after further litigation the English courts accepted the principle that transhipment 'broke' the voyage and legalized the traffic.

The causes of friction were not, however, removed, and after the rupture of the Peace of Amiens and the renewal of the war, fresh difficulties arose. Great Britain, relying almost entirely upon her sea power and her commerce to sustain the anti-Napoleonic coalition, saw her naval arm withered and her commerce destroyed by the legal ingenuity of the Americans. The result soon became apparent to the world. To quote the words of an American historian:

> In two years' time almost the whole carrying trade of Europe was in American hands. The merchant flag of every belligerent save Great Britain almost disappeared from the sea. France and Holland ceased to trade under their own flags. Spain for a time carried her specie and her bullion in her own ships, protected by

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her men-of-war; but this practice was soon abandoned, and before 1806 the dollars of Mexico were brought to her shores in American vessels. It was under the Stars and Stripes that the gum trade went on with Senegal, the ingots and dollars were exported from Vera Cruz and La Plata, that hides were carried from South America, and sugar from the ports of Cuba. From Cadiz, from Barcelona, from Lisbon, from Emden and Hamburg, Gotenburg and Copenhagen, from the ports of Cayenne and Dutch Guiana, from Batavia and Manila, fleets of American merchantmen sailed to the United States, there to break the voyage and then go on to Europe.

Great Britain retaliated by declaring a series of 'paper' blockades, and by refusing to recognize a 'break' of voyage which was merely colorable. Thereupon, the American Congress passed a Non-importation Act, which, however, remained in force only a few weeks. Nerves on both sides were further strained by the rigorous insistence upon the 'right of search' not only for goods but for men, and by the impressment of American subjects sailing aboard American ships. Over 1,000 cases of wrongful impressment were subsequently admitted by the British Government as having occurred between 1803 and 1810. But the fundamental cause of the war of 1812 was the almost insoluble crux of neutral trade. The struggle between Great Britain and Napoleon was then approaching its climax. Nelson's victory at Trafalgar was followed up by an Order in Council (May, 1806) which placed the whole coast of Europe from the river Elbe to Brest under blockade. Napoleon retaliated with his Berlin Decree (November 21). Great Britain replied with new Orders in Council (January 7 and November 11, 1807); Napoleon issued his Milan Decree in December, and neutrals, warned off by the British Navy from every port from which the British merchant flag was excluded, subject to confiscation by Napoleon if they submitted to the right of search, found themselves in literal truth between the deep sea and the devil.

During the next few years the relations between Great Britain and the United States became steadily worse. If the Orders in Council pressed more hardly upon Americans than did the Decrees successively issued by Napoleon it was partly because England was in a position to enforce her orders while Napoleon was not, and partly because Napoleon was more ingenious in making a virtue of his impotence. As a result, the two English-speaking peoples drifted into the war of 1812. The details of that war are as foreign to the purpose of this paper as the causes of it are pertinent; but this much may be said. To England it was almost a negligible, though none the less a regrettable, incident in a titanic struggle. To American minds it loomed much larger at the time, and it left very bitter memories behind.

Nevertheless, despite frequent disputes as to the delimitation of boundaries, as to disarmament on the Canadian frontiers, and as to fisheries; despite many acute misunderstandings; despite the proverbial difficulty of keeping the peace between kinsmen; despite the specific difficulties which arose in the War of Secession — the recognition of the belligerency of the South, the blockade running, the affair of the Trent and that of the Alabama; despite many other issues that might have led to war, peace was preserved between Great Britain and the United States during the whole course of a complete century from the conclusion of the Treaty of Ghent in 1814. In the summer of 1914 preparations were well advanced for 'an adequate and dignified celebration of the impressive fact that for one hundred years the English-speaking peoples throughout

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the world have been at peace with one another.' Of those preparations the only visible memorial is the singularly interesting volume from the preface to which these words are quoted.* That hundred years' peace, as Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler has justly said,

> is of itself an eloquent testimony to the temper and self-restraint of the English-speaking peoples, and a noble tribute to the statesmen who have in succession guided their policies and conducted their international business. The long invisible line which separates the United States and the Dominion of Canada has been left unguarded despite the fact that two energetic, rapidly-expanding peoples have been pushing steadily westward on either side of it. This long invisible, unguarded line is the most convincing testimony that the world has to offer to the ability of modern self-disciplined peoples to keep the peace.

The peace thus kept forms no inconsiderable part, and not the least honorable part of the foreign policy now under review. It is not, however, the most conspicuous. Literary research would seem to establish the conclusion that American foreign policy during the last century was concentrated upon a single episode or rather upon a single doctrine. 'The Monroe Doctrine,' writes Professor McLaughlin, 'is practically the only policy which we have evolved — our one tradition.' 'The Monroe Doctrine,' writes Mr. Kennedy, 'is to the American voter what the maintenance of a big fleet . . . is to the British elector. For two full generations this (the Monroe Doctrine) continued to be the norm of conduct.' The truth of these judgments has been recently and remarkably exemplified by the debates in the American Congress and the American press on the policy of President Wilson and the project of a League of Nations. With the merits of President Wilson's policy this article is not concerned. What is remarkable is that the touchstone applied to that policy by a large proportion of American critics is whether it does or does not conform to the principles of the Monroe Doctrine and to 'our one tradition'— to the 'norm of conduct' for foreign affairs at Washington.

The genesis of that famous doctrine has been the subject of considerable dispute. The theory contains in its complete form two distinct formulas, first abstention on the part of America from any intervention in European affairs, and, secondly, the exclusion of European influence from the American continent. The first formula was explicitly affirmed, as we have seen, by Washington in his Farewell Address, and by Jefferson in his first Inaugural. It was not long before the second and strictly correlative formula was added to it. As early as the year 1808 Jefferson insisted that the object of the United States should be 'to exclude all European influence from this hemisphere,' and three years before President Monroe sent his famous message to Congress, Jefferson was at pains to emphasize 'the advantages of a cordial fraternization among all the American nations, and the importance of their coalescing in an American system of policy totally independent of and unconnected with that of Europe.'

Jefferson's words date from 1820, but for some years past the tendency of American opinion in this direction had been clearly perceived by the more acute among European diplomatists. Thus, in 1814, at the time when peace negotiations were in progress between Great Britain and the United States, Pozzo di Borgo, the Russian Ambassador in Paris, wrote to Count Nesselrode:

* *The British Empire and the United States.* A review of their relations during the century of peace following the Treaty of Ghent. By W. A. Dunning, with a preface by Nicholas Murray Butler.

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The conclusion of this important matter is uncertain. The dominant party in America, which desired the war, is aiming at the destruction of all European interests in the American continent. . . . Will the fact that Great Britain has a free hand stop this plan? I said all this in England, which takes short views, but was not believed.

It would be interesting to know whether Pozzo di Borgo's warning ever reached the ears of Canning. Without this information, it is idle to speculate whether the warning would have influenced Canning's policy in 1823. In that policy there were several factors: a desire to 'redress the balance of the old world,' and, in particular, to 'get even' with the Holy Alliance; a desire to prevent France from extending her intervention from the old Spain to the new; a desire to protect the commercial interests of Great Britain in the Spanish Indies, interests which were gravely menaced by the inability of Spain to reduce to obedience her colonial subjects, combined with a refusal to recognize their independence; and, finally, a willingness to hold out an encouraging hand to young states struggling to be free. On August 20, 1823, Canning conveyed to Richard Rush, the American Minister in London, a clear intimation as to the attitude of Great Britain in reference to the Spanish colonies, and at the same time suggested that she should come to an understanding on the subject with the United States. President Monroe inclined toward the acceptance of Canning's suggestion, and was strongly supported in his view both by Jefferson and by Madison. By accepting Great Britain's offer of coöperation, wrote Jefferson, the United States would 'detach her from the bonds [of the European despots], bring her mighty weight into the scale of free government, and emancipate a continent at one stroke.' Madison cordially concurred in Jefferson's view.

The Secretary of State, John Quincy Adams, was, on the contrary, strongly opposed to coöperation with Great Britain. He suspected that Canning was less anxious to emancipate South America than to thwart the ambition of France, and he urged upon the President that it was more consonant with the traditions of American policy that, while pursuing up to a point a common end, she should seek to attain it by her own isolated and independent action.

The advice of Adams prevailed, and the famous message sent to Congress on December 2, 1823, in the name of President Monroe, embodied his views, if it did not actually reëcho his language. The significance which has ever since been attached to that message may justify quotation of the pertinent passages. They run as follows:

. . . The occasion has been judged proper for asserting, as a principle in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved, that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for any future colonization by any European Powers. . . . We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those Powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European Power we have not interfered, and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any other European Power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States.

Our policy in regard to Europe . . . is, not to interfere in the internal concerns

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of any of its Powers; to consider the government *de facto* as the legitimate government for us; to cultivate friendly relations with it, and to preserve those relations by a frank, firm, and manly policy, meeting in all instances the just claims of every Power, submitting to injuries from none.

By this message Canning was gravely perturbed. He had got much more than he bargained for. All that he desired was the coöperation of the United States in thwarting the supposed designs of the Holy Alliance, and in particular of France, upon the Spanish colonies. What he got was a general intimation, *urbi et orbi*, that henceforward the American continent would be the exclusive preserve of the American peoples, and that no further acquisitions of American soil would be permitted to European or other states.

From December, 1823, to December, 1918, the Monroe Doctrine has been the sheet-anchor of American diplomacy. Primarily put forward in reference to the Russian claims upon the Northwest coast and to the crisis in Spanish South America, the principles enunciated by President Monroe were, from the first, perceived to possess a far wider application. Canning's chagrin was amply justified. The message no more discriminated between Great Britain and the absolutist Powers of the Continent than did the propagandist decrees issued by the French Republic in the autumn of 1792. It was, in fact, as Professor Dunning has candidly admitted, 'the pronouncement of a great democracy just arrived at aggressive self-consciousness. Its underlying spirit was in very truth antagonism, so far as concerned affairs of the Western hemisphere, to all monarchic Europe, Great Britain included.'

During the seventy years following 1823 comparatively little was heard of the Monroe Doctrine. The United States had other things to think about, notably the problem of national unity, forced to the front by the rapidity of the westward expansion. Still, whenever opportunity offered, the world was reminded that the Doctrine, though slumbering, retained its vitality. President Grant, in particular, asserted it with vigor. Thus, in reference to the temporary occupation of San Domingo by the Spaniards (1861-1865), he declared that 'no European Power can acquire by any means — war, colonization, or annexation — even when the annexed people demand it, any portion of American territory,' and ventured to predict that 'the time is not far distant when, in the natural course of events, the European political connection with this continent will cease.'

In the last decade of the nineteenth century the Monroe Doctrine was invoked in a case of serious importance. For many years there had been disputes between Great Britain and Venezuela as to the boundaries between the latter state and British Guiana. Lord Aberdeen had tried to settle the matter in 1844, but his suggestions were declined. Thirty years later Venezuela professed its willingness to accept the Aberdeen line, but Lord Granville and his successors refused to concede it. Venezuela represented the British contention as being tantamount to an attempt at annexation, and, invoking the Monroe Doctrine, appealed to the United States. The dispute dragged on until, in July, 1895, Mr. Olney, Secretary of State under President Cleveland, insistently demanded that Great Britain should submit the whole question to arbitration, and incidentally reasserted in the most extreme form the underlying principles of the Monroe Doctrine.

That distance and three thousand miles of intervening ocean make any permanent political union between a European and an American state unnatural and inexpe-

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dient, will hardly be denied. . . . The states of America, South as well as North, by geographical proximity, by natural sympathy, by similarity of governmental constitutions, are friends and allies, commercially and politically, of the United States. . . . To-day the United States is practically sovereign on this continent, and its fiat is law upon the subjects to which it confines its interposition. . . . There is, then, a doctrine of American public law, well founded in principle and abundantly sanctioned by precedent, which entitles and requires the United States to treat as an injury to itself the forcible assumption by a European Power of political control over an American state.

That Mr. Olney's dispatch gave a wide extension to the principles laid down by President Monroe will hardly be denied, nor that it was needlessly provocative in tone; but Lord Salisbury declined to be provoked. He did, indeed, refuse to accept 'unrestricted' arbitration, and politely questioned the applicability of the Monroe Doctrine to the matter in hand. It was, however, manifest from his reply that he had no intention of allowing Great Britain to be drawn into a serious quarrel with the United States. Lord Salisbury's good humor tended rather to provoke than to appease the wrath of the United States, and on December 17, 1895, President Cleveland sent a special message to Congress, wherein he declared that

If a European Power, by an extension of its boundaries, takes possession of the territory of one of our neighboring Republics against its will, and in derogation of its rights, it is difficult to see why, to that extent, such European Power does not thereby attempt to extend its system of government to that portion of this continent which is thus taken. This is the precise action which President Monroe declared to be dangerous to our peace and safety.

This message, notwithstanding its decorous moderation of language, accentuated a difficult situation, and feeling began to run very high in America. 'Fortunately for us,' writes an American critic, 'Lord Salisbury had a very good sense of humor, and declined to take the matter too seriously.'

Both Great Britain and Venezuela agreed to submit the evidence for their conflicting claims to a 'committee of investigation' appointed by the United States; and the investigation issued in a Treaty of Arbitration, concluded nominally between the immediate disputants, but in reality between Great Britain and the United States. The result of the arbitration was, on the whole, to substantiate the British claim. A still more important result ensued. In January, 1897, a General Arbitration Treaty between the two great English-speaking nations was signed by Sir Julian Pauncefote and Secretary Olney. The Senate, however, refused its assent, and the treaty was not actually concluded until the autumn of 1914.

In the interval a very significant change had taken place in the attitude of the United States toward world politics. The Venezuelan affair proved to be the starting point for a new departure in American diplomacy. From the position then asserted by Mr. Olney, his countrymen could not well recede. That position involved, moreover, important corollaries. If the United States is 'practically sovereign' on the American continent, if 'its fiat is law,' it could not avoid responsibility for the doings of its neighbors. Several of those neighbors have shown themselves both weak and turbulent, and in 1904 President Roosevelt frankly admitted that 'the adherence of the United States to the Monroe Doctrine may force the United States, however reluctantly, in flagrant cases of wrongdoing or impotence to the exercise of an international police power.'

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As a fact, the policy of isolation had already been abandoned. The war with Spain in 1898 was followed by the definite assumption of responsibilities in the Caribbean and in the Pacific. The annexation of the Hawaiian Islands (1898), the partition of Samoa (1899), and still more the conquest of the Philippines, unmistakably proclaimed the advent of a new world power. The *Zeit-Geist* had proved itself too strong even for the Americans. As President McKinley wrote in 1898:

> The march of events rules and over-rules human action . . . the war has brought us new duties and responsibilities which we must meet and discharge as becomes a great nation, on whose growth and career from the beginning the Ruler of Nations has plainly written the high command and pledge of civilization.

The United States afforded a further indication of its new position in world politics by taking part, in 1900, with the leading European Powers in the relief of Peking and the punishment of the Boxers.

But all these manifestations of the new spirit, with others too numerous to recall, pale into insignificance as compared with the great resolution taken in 1917. Few will question the accuracy of Lord Bryce's words uttered in 1917: 'With the entrance of the United States into this war a new chapter opened in world history. It was an occasion of solemn significance for all the ages to come.' To this judgment one observation may, however, be added. The new chapter is one toward the opening of which events have been tending with some rapidity since 1898, if not since 1895. The resolution to which President Wilson brought his country in 1917, though far transcending in significance any previous resolution in regard to external affairs, was in harmony with the whole trend of American policy for the last twenty years. Still more important: it was in harmony with the development of *Welt-politik*. During the last generation the world has become one in a sense of which no one dreamed forty years ago. 'The expansion of Europe' is the formula in which a brilliant historian has recently crystallized the political developments of the last half-century. The formula expresses the truth, but not quite the whole truth. If Europe has expanded, the world has shrunk; and, in the process of contraction, the American, Australian, and African continents have been inevitably drawn into the maelstrom of European politics.

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A GERMAN VIEW OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

BY PROFESSOR WALTHER SHÜKING

THE Covenant of the League of Nations, made public by President Wilson on the 14th of February, 1919, is evidence of a momentous period of transition in world relations and, like a head of Janus, it looks in two directions. A pessimist might regard it as an instrument for perpetuating the existing superiority of certain governments to our disadvantage, and as intended to oppress us permanently. An optimist will hope that the statute will gradually be amended and modified, so as eventually to guarantee the vital interests of every nation, and to assure a status of just peace. This double character of a covenant that, unfortunately, is not born of the pure spirit of pacifism, has the defect of being more political than juristic in its nature. Its provisions are to some extent elastic and susceptible of varied interpretation. In regard to precision and definiteness of draft and consistency of form and arrangement, the Paris project is incomparably inferior to the draft proposed by the German Society of International Law. It is also decidedly inferior to the draft proposed by a Swiss federal commission of experts, which has also considered this topic.

The Paris Covenant creates three governing organs — a body of delegates, an executive council, and an international secretariat. The body of delegates, to which each government is permitted to send three representatives, follows the suggestion of The Hague Peace Conference in meeting only at intervals. Unfortunately — for this is a very serious defect — the Executive Council likewise is not a continuously functioning institution, but ordinarily will meet only once a year. This Executive Council will likewise perform the function of an international mediation office, in case of controversies of a non-political character. This adds to the importance of the manner in which it is constructed. Although the evolution of international law has been consistently in the direction of a non-partisan authority to settle controversies between governments, and the reform most urgently advocated in this procedure has been the elimination of political influence, which, arising as it does from the governments themselves, gives such procedure the character of partisan intervention, the Paris Covenant commits this mediation to an executive council constituted entirely along old diplomatic lines, composed of the representatives of the Great Powers and of four other states elected by the body of delegates. Were we to assume that the present political alliances were likely to be permanent, the German Empire, upon entering such a League of Nations, would incur the peril of unjust and arbitrary treatment by this Executive Council. To be sure, commissions may be appointed to investigate special cases; but if the Executive Council is to decide by a majority vote when the latter course is to be taken, this does not constitute any ground of fair treatment.

Quite remarkably the question as

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to where the League will have its headquarters is left unsettled, although The Hague, with its Peace Palace, has an undisputed moral claim to this distinction. The admission of new members, such as Germany, is to depend upon a ballot in which at least two thirds of the member governments shall vote. The proposition that dominions and colonies having an autonomous government shall become members, with equal rights, strengthens the predominance of the Anglo-Saxon element.

A more questionable proposition still is the one making admission to the League conditional upon the applicant giving special guaranties, and in particular obligating itself to a reduction of armament to a maximum fixed by the League itself. It goes without saying that a new government entering the League would obligate itself to conform to the general principles of the League in regard to limitation of armaments. The dangerous point is that one group of nations is given the final word as to the armament of the new member, without its having any voice whatever, while the governments already in the League do have a voice in regard to the general armament programme. The fact that, instead of fixing a general scale of disarmament to apply equally to every country, such as 25 per cent of the force maintained prior to the present war proposed in the German draft we have mentioned, the geographical situation of each country is to be taken into account — another proposition which may be so employed by a hostile majority as to endanger Germany. If such a provision were to be honestly enforced by an absolutely non-partisan authority, then there is no country in the world that would have a greater interest in this last provision than Germany itself.

So long as we remain out of this League of Nations, it is nothing else than an ambitious alliance of our opponents against us; for a military danger threatening any member is to be a matter for common action. All League members obligate themselves to submit their controversies either to arbitration or to mediation by the Executive Council. A really permanent international court is to be organized for arbitration. Naturally, the decree of that court is final, and if it is not complied with within three months the Executive Council will enforce it. If a political conflict is involved, which is not justiciable, and if the Executive Council does not succeed in bringing the parties to an agreement, the Executive Council publishes its decision. If all the members of the League who are not parties to the controversy are unanimous, the judgment of the League becomes obligatory, and the Executive Council in such a case is authorized to enforce the decision against the party which rejects it. If the Executive Council is not unanimous, the majority is obligated and the minority is authorized to publish reports, stating their opinion of the merits of the case and their proposals for its settlement. In this case, therefore, the reports have only moral sanction; and it looks as if the door were open for war between the contestants, qualified by the fact that they must not begin actual hostilities within three months.

It follows from what has just been said that if we were members of the League, for instance, and became involved in some new controversy with England, and the Executive Council issued a unanimous judgment against us, we would have to submit, for otherwise we could be compelled to do so under Article 16 of the Paris Covenant. In order to enforce the judg-

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ment, the League could employ an absolute economic boycott against us and our subjects, and, if necessary, military force. The Executive Council would determine what force each state should contribute for the latter purpose. The members of the League grant members the right to convey their military forces through their respective territories, and obligate themselves to distribute upon a fair basis the losses and expenses involved in the enforcement of an economic boycott.

We cannot say in respect of all these provisions that they do not agree with existing principles of international law. They seem intended rather to develop those principles, although the methods they use in some instances are open to criticism. But Article 17 is a monstrous provision. It defines what is to occur if a member of the League of Nations becomes involved in war with an outside government, or if two outside governments become involved in war with each other. Without regard to the elements of justice in the controversy, the League of Nations assumes authority over the outside governments, and would force them to submit to the obligations of members of the League and to bring their case before its tribunals at the peril of having the League intervene directly. This means in practice that the League of Nations would impose its sovereignty upon outside governments whether they wish it or not.

The methods proposed by the Covenant to plunder us or our colonies under false pretenses, and to camouflage English and French annexations from the territories of the Turkish Empire, have already been generally ventilated. So far as international legislation for the welfare of the working people is concerned, the Covenant contents itself with a few meaningless phrases, and provides for an international labor bureau. A more practical provision places all the international bureaus under the supervision of the League of Nations; and another one provides that international treaties shall not become effective until they have been registered at the international office and have been published. All special agreements that violate the fundamental principles of the League are abrogated.

It would carry us too far afield to mention all the things that are, unfortunately, omitted in this project. We merely mention that the internationalization of the open seas, which Wilson advocated, has been entirely cast aside. In spite of all these defects, it would be a short-sighted policy to condemn the principle of a League of Nations on account of this imperfect and dubious statute. That principle has at last begun to take real root in Germany. The tragic experiences of the war will force the world into a League. No League of Nations can succeed permanently without the coöperation of a nation of Germany's rank. The League of Nations must have us and we must have a League of Nations. A recognition of this fact will lead us to hope that before peace is finally brought about we shall have discovered some basis of agreement for establishing this institution.

The Frankfurter Zeitung

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GENERAL SMUTS'S PROTEST AGAINST THE PEACE TREATY

[EDITORIAL NOTE: General Smuts's protest has been frequently referred to in American journals, but the complete text has a much more limited circulation than its importance deserves. THE LIVING AGE reprints from the official copy.)

I HAVE signed the Peace Treaty, not because I consider it a satisfactory document, but because it is imperatively necessary to close the war; because the world needs peace above all, and nothing could be more fatal than the continuance of the state of suspense between war and peace. The six months since the armistice was signed have, perhaps, been as upsetting, unsettling, and ruinous to Europe as the previous four years of war. I look upon the Peace Treaty as the close of these two chapters of war and armistice, and only on that ground do I agree to it. I say this now, not in criticism, but in faith; not because I wish to find fault with the work done, but rather because I feel that in the treaty we have not yet achieved the real peace to which our peoples were looking, and because I feel that the real work of making peace will only begin after this treaty has been signed, and a definite halt has thereby been called to the destructive passions that have been desolating Europe for nearly five years. This treaty is simply the liquidation of the war situation in the world.

The promise of the new life, the victory of the great human ideals, for which the peoples have shed their blood and their treasure without stint, the fulfillment of their aspirations toward a new international order, and a fairer, better world, are not written in this treaty, and will not be written in treaties. 'Not in this Mountain, nor in Jerusalem, but in spirit and in truth,' as the Great Master said, must the foundations of the new order be laid. A new heart must be given, not only to our enemies, but also to us: a contrite spirit for the woes which have overwhelmed the world; a spirit of pity, mercy, and forgiveness for the sins and wrongs which we have suffered. A new spirit of generosity and humanity, born in the hearts of the peoples in this great hour of common suffering and sorrow, can alone heal the wounds which have been inflicted on the body of Christendom.

And this new spirit among the peoples will be the solvent for the problems which the statesmen have found too hard at the Conference. There are territorial settlements which will need revision. There are guaranties laid down which we all hope will soon be found out of harmony with the new, peaceful temper and unarmed state of our former enemies. There are punishments foreshadowed, over most of which a calmer mood may yet prefer to pass the sponge of oblivion. There are indemnities stipulated, which cannot be enacted without grave injury to the industrial revival of Europe, and which it will be in the interests of all to render more tolerable and moderate. There are numerous pinpricks which will cease to pain under the healing influences of the new international atmosphere. The real peace of the peo-

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ples ought to follow, complete, and amend the peace of the statesmen.

In this treaty, however, two achievements of far-reaching importance for the world are definitely recorded. The one is the destruction of Prussian militarism; the other is the institution of the League of Nations. I am confident that the League of Nations will yet prove the path of escape for Europe out of the ruin brought about by this war. But the League is as yet only a form. It still requires the quickening life which can only come from the active interest and the vitalizing contact of the peoples themselves. The new creative spirit, which is once more moving among the peoples in their anguish, must fill the institution with life and with inspiration for the pacific ideals born of this war, and so convert it into a real instrument of progress. In that way the abolition of militarism, in this treaty, unfortunately, confined to the enemy, may soon come as a blessing and relief to the Allied peoples as well. And the enemy peoples should at the earliest possible date join the League, and, in collaboration with the Allied peoples, learn to practise the great lesson of this war, that, not in separate ambitions or in selfish domination, but in common service for the great human causes, lies the true path of national progress. This joint collaboration is especially necessary to-day for the reconstruction of a ruined and broken world.

The war not only has resulted in the utter defeat of the enemy armies, but has gone immeasurably further. We witness the collapse of the whole political and economic fabric of Central and Eastern Europe. Unemployment, starvation, anarchy, war, disease, despair, stalk through the land. Unless the victors can effectively extend a helping hand to the defeated and broken peoples a large part of Europe is threatened with exhaustion and decay. Russia has already walked into the night, and the risk that the rest may follow is very grave indeed. The effects of this disaster would not be confined to Central and Eastern Europe. For civilization is one body, and we are all members of one another.

A supreme necessity is laid on all to grapple with this situation. And in the joint work of beneficence the old feuds will tend to be forgotten, the roots of reconciliation among the peoples will begin to grow again, and ultimately flower into active, fruitful, lasting peace. To the peoples of the United States and the British Empire, who have been exceptionally blessed with the good things of life, I would make a special appeal. Let them exert themselves to the utmost in this great work of saving the wreckage of life and industry on the Continent of Europe. All this is, I hope, capable of accomplishment; but only on two conditions.

In the first place, the Germans must convince our peoples of their good faith, of their complete sincerity through a real honest effort to fulfill their obligations under the treaty to the extent of their ability. They will find the British people disposed to meet them halfway in their unexampled difficulties and perplexities. But any resort to subterfuges or to underhand means to defeat or evade the Peace Treaty will only revive old suspicions and rouse anger, and prove fatal to a good understanding. And, in the second place, our Allied peoples must remember that God gave the overwhelming victory, victory far beyond their greatest dreams, not for small selfish ends, not for financial or economic advantages, but for the attainment of the great human ideals, for which our heroes gave their lives.

The Morning Post

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THE AMERICANIZATION OF ENGLAND

BY SIR SIDNEY LOW

THE Americanization of this country goes on at a great pace. American stories and magazines are stacked on every bookstall. About half the new plays which are presented on the London stage come from across the Atlantic; so do many of the *revues*, and variety entertainments, and music-hall shows. The English theatrical manager is now as much interested in New York and Chicago as he used to be in Paris. We get our dances from America, with the weird music to which they are enacted. Our mothers and grandmothers floated through the *valse* to the dreamy sensuousness of Strauss and Güngl and other Viennese composers. To-day young couples — and middle-aged couples — jerk and jazz, while minstrels imitate or exaggerate the noises which arose from the banging of tin kettles and rattling of saucepan lids at negro camp meetings in the Southern States. Thus does the course of Empire pursue its westward way.

The greatest American 'spiritual' conquest of all is that of the cinema. In the world of the film America is supreme; at any rate she has far more than a two-Power superiority. One hears much of new British companies, and combinations, which are to produce native films, sufficiently striking, 'boomed' with the requisite energy, and supported by the necessary vast capital, to compete with the American importations, and even to overcome them in our markets. One may hope something will come of these enterprises; for there is the possibility of a great art in the cinema theatres which will in time lift them clear of vulgarity and mere profit mongering. We would like to think that it may reach its highest possibilities in this country, on the artistic as well as the commercial and mechanical side. In the meantime, the Americans hold the field, and they supply, I believe, about ninety per cent of all the films shown in our picture theatres. Millions of English, Scottish, and Irish men, women, and children see these American photographs every week of their lives. The cinema is the chief recreation of the masses of the people — perhaps it may be said their chief interest outside their own work and domestic affairs. It has superseded the church, the meeting house, the lecture platform; it outshines the novel and the popular magazines; it is overtaking its most formidable rival, the cheap illustrated daily and weekly newspaper. And it is, in the main, American.

This is surely a matter of deep interest and significance. Nearly all classes of our population, except perhaps the 'intellectuals,'— and even they are beginning to frequent the 'pictures,'— are habitually and constantly seeing life through American spectacles. Certain phases of American society must be better known to our small tradesmen, mechanics, laborers, with their wives, sons, and daughters, than our own. What goes on, from the scenario writer's point of view, within the luxurious mansions and country houses of American financiers has been revealed to every English shop assistant and factory hand. They know all about the mammoth hotels, and the sumptuous restaurants, and the dance halls and night clubs, and the seaside or hillside pleasure resorts. They know the ways of the millionaire, upright or shady,— generally shady,— and the ways of the adventurer, who aspires after his dollars or his daughter, and the ways of the

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Wild West, where stalwart young men with revolvers defend virtuous school mistresses. They know all about those other young men, the fast young men who engage in the pleasures of the town, and tempt 'business girls' to stray into the paths of error. They gaze at American houses, American furniture, American scenery; they confront American police captains, and American trainmen, and American criminals. The moral presented to them is that of the writer of the American story. For them the difficult epigrams in which the composer of the American scenario is accustomed to express his thoughts have no mysteries. They can construe the sub-titles offhand, translate even the obscurest of them at sight.

No wonder our younger generation talks American. No wonder astute advertisers, anxious to catch the prevailing note, allure us with direct personal exhortations in the manner of the American publicity expert, who is an acknowledged master of his craft. Mr. Jones no longer informs the nobility and gentry that he has a stock of goods which he is prepared to sell at a moderate price. He prefers a more direct and demonstrative form. 'You are a business man; your time means money. You cannot afford to cut it to waste by fooling around after low-grade stuff. It is up to you to get the best. You get it, and get it quick, from A. P. Jones. Why? Because A. P. Jones specializes in mind-saving. A. P. Jones has studied this thing out. He knows that you need your brains for live work, not for worrying over back numbers. Therefore,——,' and so on, for a vivid column or two. The language, the mode of thought, would have been unintelligible to most Britons a few years ago. But O. Henry, and the American magazines, and 'Uncle Sam' plays, and the cinema, but most of all the cinema, have made it familiar in our mouths as household words. No missionary ever had such a preaching stool in foreign lands as this pictorial pulpit, which is set up several times a day — everywhere.

One might speculate widely as to what the results of this feast of film kultur are likely to be. From one point of view you might say there is something obviously beneficial in it. We are all asking that the two English-speaking peoples shall be brought into closer communion, that they shall get to know more of one another. Well, is not the cinema reaching toward this high purpose? is it not, at least, making the Americans better known to the British, and giving us a deeper understanding of our kinsmen across the ocean? Is it? I am not so sure. For the view we get of the United States on the films, and indeed through the other agencies of popular information, is scrappy, incomplete, and distorted. In the popular screen pictures, as in the popular 'best-selling' novels, and in the only kind of American periodical publications which circulate in Great Britain, we have certain phases of American life over-emphasized, and others ignored. After all, a great nation does not consist mainly of 'crooks' and criminals and dishonest financiers, and impossibly sentimental girls, and fatuous 'society women,' and funny men playing the fool brilliantly. If you were to judge the United States from the majority of the picture shows, or from the magazines on sale in England, you would form an erroneous impression. There are other aspects of that varied and vivid civilization. But we do not see much of those other aspects; we do not understand, for example, how intensely sober America is under this surface frivolity so insistently presented to us; how much there is of genuine thought, earnest effort, and

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real culture in the better sense; and how many people there are in the universities, the large cities, the farmsteads, everywhere from the Great Lakes to the Caribbean, who are not exclusively absorbed in money-making and pleasure-seeking. Of them we hear and see too little.

The Fortnightly Review

ANATOLE FRANCE AGAIN

BY W. L. GEORGE

Of Anatole France, as of Mr. Bernard Shaw, it can be said that to see him once is to store a memory. There is such kindly cruelty in his shrewd eyes, such friendly malice in his short beard. The great Frenchman looks like his books: he is ironic and pitiful. In all his works, some thirty of them, that note is felt. He sees mankind as small, wretched, blinded by its own superstitions, and yet simple, lovable, beautiful. He sees man sanely, and sees him whole; he pities him for falling into illusion, he loves him because he can commit art. And now and then he hates him as inferior to his ideal; then he lashes him with satire.

It is mainly as a satirist that Anatole France will be remembered. His chief works, *Penguin Island*, *Contemporary History*, *The Gods Are Athirst*, *The Revolt of the Angels*, all these are less novels than satires cast in fiction form. He never falsifies his picture by forcing life to conform to it; he contents himself with sketching the adventures of priests attaining bishoprics by the narrow path of comic intrigue, of mock conspirators, of politicians astride on the popular donkey, of capitalists making money for the good of the people. And he is not always kind to the people. A declared Socialist, he loves the people, but is not taken in by them. Thus, in *The Gods Are Athirst*, he pricks with savage irony the historic figures of the French Revolution; demonstrates that Jacobin, Girondin, Royalist, all well meaning, were theatrical and showed off. For he will not be deceived; that is the centre of Anatole France's mind; he will not even be deceived by women, whom he loves; only in *The Red Lily* has he painted a woman with any nobility; nearly all the others are flighty, frivolous, and charming.

Being a Frenchman, carrying the great tradition of Voltaire and of Renan, Anatole France naturally enlisted under the anti-clerical banner, because in France the Roman Catholic Church is a political force in a sense quite different from the Church of England here. As a Socialist he found the Roman Catholic Church actively inimical; so he took up the torch fallen from Diderot's hand and set out to 'crush the infamous one.' He had much to do with the movement which, after the Dreyfus case, separated the French Church from the state. In nearly all his books appear clerics who plot with nobleman and capitalist to overthrow the Republic. He is just enough, for the years 1898 to 1905, in France, were as full of clerical and political intrigue as any Florentine court. *Coups d'état*, military dictatorships, Bourbons traveling from London in egg boxes—all this was within likelihood. Anatole France poked so much cruel fun at these people that, by becoming ridiculous, they became powerless. He sank forever General Mercier (the chief persecutor of Dreyfus), by causing his prototype to say, 'If you must have evidence against the traitor . . . invent it; manufactured evidence is better than the truth because it is made to order.'

Anatole France does not limit his attacks to the Church. He takes a defi-

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nite line against the Christian religion and all religions. He does not need religion; he looks upon the religious man as a confessed coward; he is content to die, content no longer to be. His M. Bergeret (a character in which he makes his own portrait) says, 'I don't want to be immortal, I am content to be eternal.' Thus he looks upon the Christian faith as a hotch-potch of childish superstitions, historical dreams, and fanciful legends told by the camp fires of Assyria even a thousand years before Christ; lullabies for children; opiates for men with childish minds. But, despising it, he also hates Christianity, because he fears its ascetic spirit. Above all, he is an æsthete and a voluptuary; he believes that pleasure is the reason of life, and that the only duties of man are to enjoy, to procure enjoyment, to foster art. In every one of his books runs his delight in color, forms, smiling lips, sweet scents, wine, dances, flower garlands. He is a pagan, incapable of self-sacrifice, even to the fierce gods of old Greece and the civil-service gods of old Rome; he is mainly a Pantheist; his natural impulse is to lay a cake of honey and a wreath of marigolds on a little altar in the forest round which Pan might play while the *napææ* dance.

It is, therefore, natural that he should hate the Christian faith, with its aversion from free physical relations, with its belief in abstemiousness, its respect for self-scourging saints. Being a scholar, his mind filled with the literature of all the world, Roman, Greek, mediæval, being a Socialist, who dreams a world where all men will be free, where labor will leave much time for pleasure, where factories would be beautiful, where learning would be a pastime, it is natural enough that he should have taken up this violent attitude against a faith which, for a long time, feared all knowledge, notably science, as if it knew that knowledge might challenge its power. This is most notable in *The Revolt of the Angels*, where the angels come to earth to rally round Satan — Satan, father of the old gods, lover of learning and of art, ground down by the tyranny of an obscurantist deity.

It is characteristic that Anatole France should have sent his revolting angels to seek recruits on earth. He sees the earthmen, their faith in science and knowledge, arrayed against the tribal ideas of a savage deity. He believes in man. He does not say that man has a mission, such as to make an ordered world; it may be that Anatole France would secretly dislike an ordered world, for an earth without tyranny, cruelty, folly, would not afford the contrasts necessary to make a colored life. And what is the use of life unless it helps one to make good literature?

He loves life as it is. He says, 'In spite of many disappointments, I have not lost faith in my old friend life. I love life which is earthy life, life as it is, this dog's life. On Sundays I go among the people, I mix with the and crowd that flows in the streets, I plunge into groups of men, women, and children, which form round street singers or before the booths at fairs; I touch dirty coats and greasy bodices; I breathe the strong, warm scents of hair, of breaths. In this well of life I feel further from death.'

That is perhaps the keynote of Anatole France. He loves life for its own sake, as he loves man. He does not think it kindly, but he thinks it infinitely attractive. He expects as little of it as of man. Thus, in one of his short stories, he causes an Eastern king to ask his wise men to write him the history of mankind. In the end

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that history is written in a sentence: 'They were born, they suffered, and they died.' Yet he is not a pessimist. He does not think it tragic that man should die. He would agree with Shakespeare that the lark at heaven's gate sings, but that would not make him sentimental. Anatole France would say, 'I like to hear the lark sing but larks greatly improve pies. First let him sing, then let him baste. Thus shall the lark fulfill himself, both in life and in death.' That is the feeling of the Great Serene. He is a man who can laugh and sneer, understand indignation, conjure up hope; but behind this essential humanity always stands a proud, aloof spirit. Anatole France, brooding on a hill and beholding man, can say, 'Little creature, in a blind world, I old man, old God, who have seen so many worlds like this one, let me beg thee not to be so urgent, so hot, so young. For I am old, old as truth, and I know the brevity of thy pains.'

The Anglo-French Review

WEDLOCK PRELIMINARIES

'I'M going to get married,' said Eustace.

'Who is the plucky lass?' I inquired politely.

'Well, as a matter of fact I have n't mentioned it to *her* yet.'

'I should do that,' I said. 'These concealments at the outset only cause unhappiness in after years. Besides, she may want to buy confetti or a second-hand slipper or something.'

'As a matter of fact I've only met her once — at dinner,' he murmured.

'How thoroughly bizarre!' I exclaimed. 'May I ask her name?'

'Dorothy.'

'Dora' for short. That makes it more *outré* still. The other name hardly matters, of course.'

'Well, that 's just the trouble, really,' he confessed. 'I've forgotten the other name. I wrote it down on the only piece of paper I had on me, which happened to be a ten-shilling note; and I gave it to the taxi-man who took me home.'

'H'm, she 'll get rather talked about with John Bradbury, won't she?' I said. 'You did n't take the number of the note by any chance?'

'No, nor of the cab either,' he admitted.

'You must call on her mother all the same,' I said firmly. 'The procedure to be adopted is this: You walk straight up to the front door, avoiding the gate marked "No Hawkers" (not that they'd be very likely to take you for a transatlantic flier, anyhow), wipe your boots on the *Salve*, ring the bell with a smart forward movement of the right thumb, and ask the servant whether the lady she helps is within. Or it may be a butler. In that case you say, "Is Mrs." — and then make a kind of gurgling noise somewhere between Parkinson and Featherstonehaugh — "at home?" The rest is up to you.'

'Yes, yes,' said Eustace rather testily. 'But how the deuce do I find out her address?'

'I think you lack some of the necessary grasp of detail,' I agreed. 'How about writing to your hostess? Quite a short note would do. "Ref. your Ration Issue of the —— inst. Kindly repeat introduction to my right-hand partner and state address in quintuplicate." That will give you a chance of losing a few copies, if she knows what you mean.'

'But I did n't take her in to dinner at all,' said Eustace. 'I just talked to her afterwards about theatres and pictures and things.'

'You must have a complete nominal roll of guests then,' I insisted, 'with several columns for particulars — size

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of gloves, last vaccinated, next of kin, favorite flowers, and so on. I always used to put down the favorite flowers of my men in my platoon roll.'

'But there might be more than one Dorothy,' he objected; 'and besides I only know my hostess very slightly indeed.'

'And by this time you've probably forgotten *her* address too. There's nothing for it, Eustace, but the Agony Column of the *Times*. Passionate but businesslike is the note.' And with that I left him.

. . . . . .

Six days later I found him sunk in gloom.

'Did you use my idea?' I asked.

'I did,' he said shortly. 'It was a bad one. It had barnacles on it.'

'What did you write?'

'I wrote: "Will Dorothy who talked to lonely demobilized officer about theatres at dinner on the 14th inst. be at the Albert Memorial at 11.30 A.M. to-morrow?"'

'You might have had another dinner for the cost of that,' I said. 'And was there nothing doing?'

'It all depends on what you call nothing,' said Eustace. 'If you listen I'll tell you about it. I felt a bit doubtful about the whole affair, so I approached the trysting-place cautiously from the far side of the Gardens and chose a concealed position for reconnaissance. I had taken the precaution to bring my field-glasses with me——'

'And a protractor, Eustace. Surely you did n't forget your protractor?'

'Don't be frivolous. I took a good look at the place from a considerable distance away, and I tell you there were about fifteen of them — falling in two-deep they were. It was like a moving flower-bed. I've never seen the Albert Memorial looking so swish.'

'And was n't *she* there?'

'She was n't,' said Eustace. 'I suppose I ought to have gone up to the parade and listened to their complaints, and thanked them for their services and offered them pensions and so on. But I had n't the face to do it. I just slunk off. And while I was slinking I quite suddenly recollected a most extraordinary and tragical thing.'

'Well?'

'Why, her name was n't Dorothy at all. That was her younger sister. She talked a lot about Dorothy that evening and I mixed the two names up.'

'*What* two names?'

'Well, I'm hanged if I can remember the other one now; sometimes I think it began with a W, and sometimes with a V, and then again it seems to have been an H.'

'Eustace,' I said sternly, 'I will tell you what you are doing. You are trifling with this young girl's affections.'

'Don't say that,' he pleaded, 'don't say that. But pending further details I'm afraid the ceremony will have to be postponed.'

Punch

SOCIAL HABITS

'EIGHTEEN bottles of eighteenth-century port, bearing the seal of All Souls'— so runs the entry in the catalogue of a Red Cross Sale in the twentieth century. When that wine was imported, England was a drinking country, and the wineglass the emblem of social life. Did that wine come in as a result of the Methuen Treaty of 1703, which gave Portugal and Port a preference over Burgundy and France, or when Pitt completed the work that the treaty had begun, and again reduced the duty, despite the poet's protests?

Firm and erect the Caledonian stood;
Old was his mutton, and his claret good.
Let him drink port, the English statesman cried:
He drank the poison, and his spirit died.

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If the eighteen bottles of port are Pittite, the fashionable hour for dinner when they reached us was five o'clock; the bottles, pint and quart,—for your five-bottle man meant your five-pint man in those heroic days,—stood in splendid array on the table, and the butler's office was no sinecure. Men sat and sat and drank and drank all through the century, in the earlier part no less than the later, so that the port's view of life was much the same, whether it looked on a company in the Ramillies wig of Queen Anne's day or on *têtes à la Brutus*, close-cropped and revolutionary, during the last decade. In 1706 Marlborough dined in the city, sitting on the Lord Mayor's right, at an oval table, and dinner, which began at four, was over about eight o'clock; the claret cost one and sixpence a bottle, and was not spared, especially when the Duke refused to have his health proposed before that of Prince Eugène. We have always known how to behave gracefully toward our allies, as President Wilson knows; though sometimes with our tongue in our cheek.

The usual dinner hour in Queen Anne's day was three o'clock; Swift's 'Madam, almost dressed by four,' is summoned by the footman, and replies that she is not ready.

> The cook must keep it back awhile;
> I never can have time to dress,
> No woman breathing takes up less.

She ultimately joins her guests with an apology, to dine and chatter, taste a single glass of burgundy, and retire with her crew of 'prudes, coquettes, and harridans' to tea and scandal. The card tables are set; they play till four in the morning; the winner asks the party for the next evening; and they go off yawning to bed.

When my Lord Smart, Colonel Alwit, and Tom Neverout sat an hour only over their wine, it was a high compliment to the ladies, but Lady Smart, Miss Notable, and my Lady Sparkish were an exceptionally brilliant company, and show that Swift could be cordial to Stella's sex. Addison drank heavily, but yet we love him—'*Deus sit propitius huic potatori*'; but we feel less complacent toward George the First, who had seven officers for the wine and beer cellars at Hanover alone, and showed his appreciation of Walpole as Prime Minister by sitting with him in his house at Richmond and absorbing punch by the hour. George Selwyn, again, under George the Second, spends five hours at table at White's, sleeping till supper, and is carried home by two chairmen with three pints of claret in him, three miles for a shilling. What a life! What claret! But the cellars of those days were well stocked. Frontiniac, Cyprus, and Tokay—the very names roll romantically over the palate; and if Hippocras and Canary are not mentioned—well, it was the turn of different wines and countries.

A most impudent hoax was concerned with a bottle; and here we have our document to show what bottles held. The New Theatre in the Haymarket was engaged for the night of the 6th of January, 1749, by a person, still anonymous, who offered to go into a common quart bottle placed on a table (which bottle could be examined by any of the spectators) and sing in it. Prices ranged from one and sixpence to two shillings, and a distinguished company, including 'Butcher' Cumberland, assembled to see him. A long wait ended in a riot, started by a man in the pit exclaiming that, if they came the next night at double the price, the conjuror would go into a pint bottle. Ballads and caricatures kept the joke green, till the

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earthquake of 1750 gave London something more serious to think of.

The legitimate theatre, like all other incidents of social life, depended on the early dinner. Horace Walpole speaks of going to the opera, and an evening party or a ball, between dinner and supper. Tea as a social function had an importance still greater than in Swift's days; but these were London hours, and for country circles it was literally other times, other manners. At Lichfield, for instance, where Mr. Seward and the Swan, his daughter, Johnson's step-daughter, Lucy Porter, Mrs. Aston, Peter Garrick, and their friends formed a polite and, provincially speaking, a courtly circle, the dinner hour was two o'clock; the less deserving inhabitants, in Jane Austen's phrase, coming to tea and coffee afterwards, just as Miss Bates and Harriet Smith joined Emma and her party in the evening. In town the dinner of the seventeen-seventies and eighties moved from four o'clock to five, as it had previously moved from two to three and from three to four; the polite world of Fanny Burney's day would seem to have been as much ashamed of the earlier hour as was its fashionable counterpart before the war, of dining at seven.

Here is Mrs. Montagu asking a large party, between four and five hundred people, in fact, to breakfast at three o'clock in the afternoon; one of the guests remarks to Fanny Burney that he would like to see their hostess ask them to dinner at that hour. 'Three o'clock!' they would cry. 'What does she mean? Who can dine at three o'clock? One has no appetite, one can't swallow a morsel.' Yet let her invite the same people, and give them a dinner, while she calls it a breakfast, and see how prettily they can find appetites. In the depth of the country even, people were beginning to be ashamed of the earlier hours of their fathers. Elizabeth Watson, in Jane Austen's unfinished story, was overcome with confusion when Lord Osborn and Tom Musgrove arrived at three o'clock, just as Nanny was laying the cloth; and Miss Ferrier's vulgarest character protests to a visitor that in her father's time she never knew what it was to sit down to dinner before four, or to be in bed before twelve. Later hours, however, were all in favor of sobriety, and the boasts of the horsy dandy in *Northanger Abbey*, that at a party in his rooms at Oxford they cleared on an average 'five pints a head, which was looked upon as something out of the common way,' are met with incredulous horror, even by the inexperienced Catherine. The change had begun, indeed, at an earlier date. The favorite charge against the Macaroni of the 1770's was that he swore only such milk-and-water oaths as 'May I be deaf at the Opera,' and hated all drinking, except tea, *capillaire*, and posset; but he is more to our taste than John Thorpe, in spite of the five pounds of hair upon his head, the flowered suit and enormous nosegay that were the butt of contemporary satire. Now that D.O.R.A. has relaxed her rules, we can all manage a tea-table, but *capillaire*, a decoction of maidenhair fern, flavored with orange-flowers, is an elegance beyond our reach.

Few and far between are the eighteenth-century wine bottles which survive, and many the glasses, but they have passed from the social board to the dealer's cabinet. Once gallant gentlemen pledged healths in them, bright wits kindled to bright eyes, or toasted them, when tact and decorum had bidden the ladies withdraw. Now they sit, a silent and decorous company, 'to be looked at, sir, just to be looked at,' the reason for most things in a gentle-

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man's house being in it at all — longing for a return of the days when their ballast was old wine, and ladies were bound to hob and nob with any gentleman who asked them.

And when all is said, these hours, 'the good old Cambridge hours of breakfast at eight and dinner at five,' as even Kingsley calls them, were good ones. They were not uncommon in some of the great provincial centres, such as the Ancient City of Norwich, as lately as forty years ago, though a glass of sherry and a biscuit were usually taken at half-past eleven. Your dinner may have been protracted, but if you did not drink too much, what a pleasant time was evening! Dr. Johnson could not have drunk four-and-twenty cups of tea at a sitting, if tea had been at four and dinner at eight. He would have talked with one eye wryly on the clock, and felt his host's impatience to get through that bit of work before dinner.

Work done, dinner at five, and the evening before you: no wonder the art of conversation flourished. And then, supper at nine or ten, how truly sociable a meal! What does Charles Lamb say, that genius of hospitality on small means when oysters were cheap, who always dined at home on week-days at half-past four? 'Door open at five, shells forced about nine. Every gentleman smokes or not, as he pleases.' And the Lambs ran to more substantial dishes; cold meats, roasted potatoes, jugs of porter — such was the fare on gala nights; bread and cheese, or welsh rabbit, pigs' ears or trotters — their memory is embalmed in scores of notes and notelets. *Noctes Ambrosianæ* in truth; and half the charm was the informal meal. George the Fourth's whiskey glass was carried by Scott as a relic till he sat on his tail-pocket and broke it. Where are the glasses from which Lamb drank his gin and water? Did no friend seize on one, as Hawkins upon Dr. Johnson's teapot, to have and hold as a relic?

It is but a year or two since Miss Constance Hill showed us part of a wax-and-plaster group by Nollekens — the Club in Ivy Lane, no less, with Dr. Johnson, his gouty leg bound up, his stout stick in his hand, in the president's chair, perched on a table, with Burke and Reynolds talking to him in the blessed *déshabillé* of wiglessness. There they are, Goldsmith and all, their hats on the pegs, their scores on the wall, a page of Boswell come to life; and on the table Lilliputian glasses and decanters made to fit the tiny hands of those twelve-inch giants of the past. Frontiniac may oust canary, sack succeed to hippocras, but Boswell's friends are never out of fashion, and the Doctor's glass would carry suffrages from us, from Lamb, from Walter Scott himself.

And when Dr. Johnson was at Oxford, did he happen to dine at All Souls when one of the eighteen bottles of That Port was on the table?

The Saturday Review

MORALE IN WAR

BY 'Z'

NAPOLEON stated as a result of his experience of war, that the moral is to the physical as three is to one. Character, spirit, confidence, determination, and discipline are the ingredients necessary to produce the quality of morale. It was thought by some before the great war that Napoleon's maxim, in view of the power of modern weapons and the conditions of modern warfare, had rather exaggerated the importance of morale; but this is by no means the case; on the contrary, the value of high morale has become of more importance under modern conditions and the ratio might be much increased.

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In former wars only a small proportion of the population of a nation was actually engaged in fighting, while the strain thrown on the remainder of the people was not very great. Moreover, the average war was of comparatively short duration, and the excitement of battle often acted as a tonic to exhaustion and the nervous strain. In these days of national effort in a prolonged period of war, not only does the soldier require superior 'sticking power' for the increased monotony, hardship, and dangers which he has to undergo, but the whole nation requires to be imbued into a high morale in order to produce the necessary sustained effort and desired effect.

This is where the people of the British Empire have scored during the recent war. Our staying power and determination to succeed whether on the battlefield, in the factory, or in the domestic life at home are unsurpassed. The greater the crisis, the worse the reverse, the higher does our morale rise to meet the occasion. Internal strife disappears, and the sense of danger unites us in a common effort. This spirit is in the blood of the people, and it is only when the crisis is past and the danger averted that reaction sets in and restlessness and dissatisfaction assert themselves. Our men have been unsurpassed in this war, and their spirit and morale have exceeded the highest expectations. This is largely due to the excellence of our leadership, for it has been evident that the spirit of the commander permeates his men. The good divisional commander very soon makes his personal influence felt throughout his command; not only does he show an example to all those below him, but he will not tolerate bad leadership in the subordinate commands. This is a true and accepted fact in war, a fundamental requirement in order to obtain success and victory.

Critics have not infrequently pointed out the advantages of defense over offense, on the ground that the side which fights behind wire entanglements and modern defenses must have the better chance. Once before I pointed out the fallacy of such an argument and the advantages of the offensive. It is necessary even to undertake offensive operations for the purpose of maintaining morale at its proper pitch; nothing is so detrimental in this connection as passivity or the adoption of a defensive policy. The uncertainty as to where and in what strength the enemy is going to attack creates doubts and a nervous tension, whereas, the certainty of action and feeling of superiority in the attack has a bracing effect on the nerves. Passivity creates stagnation and breeds inefficiency. Discipline, too, as a moral factor is a necessity of the first degree, and it should be noted that attempts to interfere with the discipline of troops are always destructive of efficiency. It is generally the ignorant and inexperienced who by their misdirected efforts and misguided ideas try to interfere with the moral power of the army. It was evident that after the failure of the Germans in their spring offensive of 1918 their discipline, at one time the strength and backbone of their army, had been seriously relaxed; their men had lost their smartness, their lines were dirty, and their dead left unburied. Smartness and cleanliness are the first essentials of good discipline, which itself is the mainstay of morale.

The quality of high morale must, to be of real value, permeate the whole army, and if it is of a patchy nature it is of little use. In our offensive operations of the autumn of 1918, we frequently attacked positions which were stubbornly and resolutely defended by the enemy, but it availed them little, for their flanks were rapidly turned

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on fronts where their morale had sunk to a low standard. Mutual confidence must be inculcated among the rank and file, between officers and men, and between bodies of troops, for no man and no body of troops will hold their ground when heavily attacked unless they feel confident in their neighbors doing likewise.

When once a high morale or a low morale is established in an army, it shows itself very rapidly in individual actions and incidents. A typical example of this took place in the summer of 1918 opposite Amiens, when one of our stretcher-bearers went out beyond our lines to search for wounded. He had not gone far when a dozen or more Germans tried to approach him with a view of surrendering, but, not realizing their intention, he naturally felt unequal to the task of fighting so many single-handed, and tried to avoid them and get back to his lines. They were, however, not to be defeated in their object, and chased him, with the result that unconsciously the solitary stretcher-bearer unwillingly brought in a considerable number of prisoners. Many similar occurrences took place which testified to the drooping morale of the enemy. It was this lowering of morale, due to the long and strenuous period of the wearing-out battles of 1916 and 1917, that enabled our troops to achieve the decisive victories of 1918. The great offensive battles of August, September, and October of the latter year show a spirit and morale possessed by the British troops which have perhaps never been equaled in history. This will, I understand, be fully described in a book which is shortly to be published giving an account of the battles of the Fourth Army during that period.

In war the collective power of a well-trained and disciplined force with a high morale such as ours possessed is a force of so remarkable a nature that it will sweep aside all obstacles, however great, and lead to ultimate victory. But the value of morale is not confined to war alone; it is applicable even in as great a measure to peace, and is more necessary than ever during the critical period of transition from war to peace. During this period there must necessarily be reaction, a restlessness, a lack of mutual confidence, and an absence of good leadership to which the men had been accustomed in war. This is particularly the moment when we require the high morale, the willingness to work, the sense of law and order, when we require good, not bad, leadership, when, in fact, the whole nation, both men and women, should be imbued with the high morale which is necessary to carry us through the economic, industrial, and financial defiles into the fruitful plain of peace and prosperity.

The Outlook

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ALONG AN AUSTRALIAN ROAD

BY WILL H. OGILVIE

In the Australian bush the main roads follow the rivers. This is inevitable in so dry a country. The nature of the traffic demands water at suitable intervals — water for the huge overlanding mobs of cattle and sheep, water for the teamsters' horses and bullocks, water for the horsemen and footmen who traverse the giant plains under a scorching and pitiless sun. It is true that there are certain roads leading into the waterless wastes along which at certain points have been excavated huge tanks or dams for the convenience of the traveling public, but the greater part of the moving population keeps to the rivers, following faithfully every bend and curve as though afraid to trust itself more than a few hundred yards from the sluggish brown water that spells life and hope in the desperate days of drought. That the river itself is often dry for a mile or two at a time only adds to the irony of the situation; but the traffic follows on from pool to pool, adjusting its day's stage and its night's camp to the exigencies of the moment and the vagaries of the dwindling stream.

Upon these winding river roads we find much of the romance and much of the tragedy of Australian outpost life.

The river road! If you have conjured up in fancy a long white-metaled highway trailing like a ribbon beside a sparkling stream, you may dismiss the thought at once. Picture instead a dark line of gum trees traced across the level plain as though by some giant's careless hand. Along this line, hidden between its deep gray-colored banks, moves slowly the tardy current of the ditch dignified by the name of river. In times of drought — and that is to say at most times — it trickles slowly over muddy shallows and round the stems of fallen trees, half-choked with eucalyptus leaves, and trimmed with the bleaching carcasses of dead sheep and cattle, the haunt of repulsive catfish, the drinking place of slimy snakes and scuttling iguanas; in times of flood it comes roaring, bank high, round the bends, a tawny-maned and angry tide, carrying down great uprooted trees and the spoil and wreckage of the river towns, swirling out among the gray stems of the gums and spreading in a shield of silver across the sunlit plains, driving the traffic of the river road back to the high ground of the sandhills.

The road itself is no macadamized highway flanked with heaps of broken metal destined for its upkeep and repair, but a mere collection of deep ruts, crossing and re-crossing, carved deep in flood-time mire and crumbled into drought-time dust. Here, all day, you may listen to the crack of the whips and drone of the wheels as the teams come trampling down in the heavy table-top wagons with the six-inch tires; ten to sixteen horses with their jingling chains; twelve to eighteen bullocks leaning on their burning bows with lowered heads and slavering mouths. And here you may see the great mobs of traveling sheep spread for a wide half-mile across the flats, nibbling hurriedly at the short dry

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grass, incessantly turning in before the busy dogs, only to turn out again the moment that they have passed; and the mobs of slowly-moving cattle, stalking majestically forward with big horned heads alternately lifted and lowered, and eyes ever searching for a tuft of brown barley grass that some previous mob has missed. Feed is generally scarce upon the river roads, and the traveling mobs are mostly hungry; but a long experience of limited rations has given them a sort of resigned languor, as if they would say, 'It does not really matter; we shall find it further on! Why worry?'

And there, a lone pathetic figure on the river road, is the swagman, the sundowner — thus picturesquely named because of his habit of arriving at a homestead exactly as the sun goes down, and so insuring that he will be offered rations and a place to camp should he desire it. There he stumbles in the crossing wheel-tracks, Australia's tramp and wanderer, with an individuality of his own which marks him out from all the wayfarers of the world. The gray dust of the plains is on his bronzed and bearded face, on his simple dress of Crimean shirt and moleskin trousers, on his rough unblackened boots, on his blanket-bundle strapped across his shoulders, on his swinging billy-can and dangling ration-bags. He carries no staff or stick, but instead a light switch, broken from a wilga tree or buddah bush, with which to brush away the myriad persistent flies which follow him in a dancing cloud. At his heels is a dog which may be the veriest mongrel, or may be a champion sheep dog of purest pedigree and worth anything up to £50. His day's march may be two miles or twenty, according to the goal which he has set himself to reach as the sun goes down. Sometimes he will camp for a day or a week or a month in a bend of the river. Time is of no account to the sundowner on the river road.

Here, too, is the traveling shearer on his way out to the early sheds. A typical bushman this, sitting with long, easy seat his ambling waler, and leading a pack-horse on which are strapped his tent, his blankets, and all the simple necessaries of his six-month trip. Sometimes the shearer travels alone, but more often he is one of a company of six or eight or more, who enliven the solitudes with song and jest, and make merry at night round a common camp fire.

On the far-out river roads there are few signs of human habitation other than the ever-moving tents of the travelers. At long intervals bush townships may be found, perched on some red sandhill on the river bank, with a due regard to safety from flood on the one side and from drought on the other. Before them is the never-to-be-trusted river; behind them the ever-to-be-feared, grim, mysterious, forbidding, yet beckoning bush. Dust whirls in the sandy, unpaved streets; goats browse on the stunted saltbush that lays a gray mantle on the very doorsteps; withered sunflowers stand like weary sentinels in gardens ravaged by the drought; blown umbrella grass whirls along the boarded verandas and piles in golden banks against the fences, and galvanized iron roofs flash and shimmer in the sun.

Here and there between the scattered townships a lonely sheep station has planted its headquarters by the river, fencing off from the hungry traveling mobs and teamsters' horses and bullocks, a square of horse paddock waving with girth-deep golden grass. Here again are boarded buildings, glittering iron roofs, huge water tanks, a windmill, and a Chinaman's garden flourishing in the arid waste like an

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oasis in a desert. It is at such a homestead as this that the sundowner arrives at nightfall and demands his dole of tea, flour, and sugar — and gets it, too, for the old custom dies hard in this land of long distances. This little group of station buildings, a lonely outpost on the river road, may direct and control half a million acres of sheep country stretching away for miles and gray miles into the shimmering mystery of the plains.

The only other habitation to be met with on the outer roads is the bush hotel — pub — shanty: call it what you will. This may be a little inn, well kept and clean, where decent food and liquor can be obtained and good lodging for man and beast; or it may be the veriest hovel, kept by drunkards and slatterns and thieves for the mere purpose of poisoning and robbing the public that passes its doors. It stands on some ridge of sandhill, convenient to the river, and facing the wheel-tracks of the river road. In front of it the half-mile stock route is generally fenced into a two-chain lane, so that all traffic must pass through a narrow neck within sight of the swinging signboard, which blazons to the passers-by its name of pride or infamy — 'The Shearer's Arms,' 'The Swagman's Rest,' 'The Mulga Hut,' 'Brumby Camp,' or 'The Traveler's Joy,' and so on. Here again are Kipling's 'thin, tin, crackling roofs' and the rough outhouses thatched with boughs, the inevitable herd of goats, the wind-blown yellow grasses, the flies, and the dust. And here, at almost any hour of the day, you may see one or more saddle horses tied to the horse-rail, a sundowner's swag flung down in the veranda, a team drawn up in the shade of the great kurrajong at the roadside, or the dust of a traveling mob drifting slowly over the buddah bushes, while within the men to whom they belong quench a week-long thirst — the gift of the river road.

These roads are not entirely left to man. When the droning wagon wheels and clinking chains have died away in distance, and the shearer's song and the drover's shout and whip-crack have echoed away in the river timber, you may see, as the dusk gathers, the wild things of the bush come across the river road to water at the fast drying pools. Great, loping, deliberate kangaroos; emus with their slow, kingly tread; scrub wallabies, swift and alert; and maybe, if the spot is very remote and you yourself are silent as the trees about you, a lean brown shadow that glides ghostily from scrub to river bank — a dingo thirsty after long travel or grim in pursuit of prey; and down the trampled cattle tracks come the great half-wild, spear-horned bush bullocks, and the cows with their calves at foot, high-headed, suspicious; sheep padding in their thousands with a gray-blue veil of dust above them; station horses walking contentedly but with a purpose, glad at last to be rid of the flies, and reveling in the cool air that just stirs the gum leaves. Sometimes, perhaps, wild horses — brumbies — snorting and shy, tossing long manes and tails as they rush past one another biting and playing, but always quick-eyed and quick-eared, and ready at the snap of a twig beneath your foot to dash back to the dark scrub and safety.

Then the camp fires; the full night glory of the river road when the stars burn white above the gum trees in that deep, intense blue that only southern skies can show! One by one the fires leap up in the river timber; here on a sandhill, there in a black-soil bend; camping places chosen only with a view to convenient water and adjacent firewood. The drover's twinkling

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circle of watch fires, drawn round his footsore, coughing sheep; the teamster's fire showing up in relief the looming dark bulk of his wagon with its towering load of wool bales, and glinting on the piled chain-harness hung across his wagon shafts, while all round it clang and clash the team bells on his feeding horses. The swagman's small fire glows like a low red star against the dark line of the scrub. Beside it he has made his bed on a rare spring mattress of gathered pine plumes. On these he has spread one blanket, and, drawing another over him, has lain down on a couch fit for a king, sweet-scented and soft, under a glorious canopy of gold and blue; sung to sleep by the croon of the night wind in the river oaks and the far-off boom of the bullock bells on the sandhill.

The shearers' camp fire, fed generously by reckless and willing hands, flares up against the night in sheets of golden flame, lighting up the trodden sand for thirty yards on either side, and chasing the shadows high up into the gum boughs. It is a merry camp, and song and laughter drift across the river road and die away in the scrub. At last these merry light-hearts, too, will spread their blankets on the friendly sand, and lie down with spurred feet to the firelight, dreaming their dreams of soft-fleeced ewes and tallies of two hundred, and of fortunes to be won at euchre in the shearing huts.

There is stress and cruelty and tragedy on the river roads. When the floods have come and gone, and left the swamps a bottomless quagmire, you can hear the ceaseless whips at work as the gallant horse teams strain and struggle to move their gigantic loads through the clinging black soil; and you can hear now and again the bellow of a team bullock as the heavy thong comes down and leaves its crossed red ribbons on his tortured hide. And when the land has been scorched and riven by two years of constant drought, and the last tuft of withered bluegrass has shriveled up and disappeared from the trampled stock route; when the river is nothing but a chain of water holes, hoof-churned and muddy, then you can hear the moaning of the great mobs of thirsty cattle — a sound than which there is no sadder on God's earth — as they move slowly forward down the river road, gaunt and thin and hungry, until fortune brings them to some deeper reach or pool where they may be safely taken down to drink.

The river road has become a haunt of horror through which stalk ceaselessly and mechanically scattered mobs of station sheep, which have traveled great distances across the plains to reach this, the last of the water; lean cattle; starving, hide-bound horses. The wild things share the suffering. Brumbies, mere skin and bone, with prominent eyes and shuffling feet, scarcely turn aside to avoid you as they plod stiffly toward the muddy pools, sniffing the blessèd water with lifted nostrils. Kangaroos, grown gaunt and terrible in their leanness, hop painfully forward to the river timber; emus, suffering less than the others, searching for seeds on the parched ground as they go, nevertheless, hurry with the others toward the drying pools; rabbits, tucked up and wasted, run light-headedly to and fro vainly searching for food.

A sundowner, walking quickly and nervously, passes down among the dusty wagon tracks; his empty water bag dangles on his arm; the fear of death is in his eyes — no water — no water — and where is the next? In every bend and in every clump of timber along the river road lie the skeletons of animals, grim toll of the

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drought. Here a horse that has fallen in the chains, there a bullock that has died in the bow. Great heaps of bones; little heaps; skulls; ribs picked clean by the crows and eagle-hawks; sun-dried hides that rattle in the wind. A cemetery of the wild!

Rain comes, and the scene changes as though at the touch of a magic wand. A green shade covers the stock route, spreads, thickens into verdure, mantles the gray half-mile, and cloaks the red sandhill. The wild melon springs up through the whitened bones, and covers death with a glory of flower. Sandalwood scents the air, and the buddah bushes break into pink-white bloom. The emu-bush is starred with white, and the gray gums freshen into green. The long procession of starved creatures ceases as if by magic; there is feed on the outer plains and water in every clay-pan and *gilgai* hollow, and the river road knows them no more. The river itself rises steadily, joining water hole to water hole, mending its broken links, and running now in one continuous stream. And with the stream of the river returns the stream of traffic to the river road. Once more the broad-tired wagons creak and swing across the flats, with fat horses and bullocks in good heart. Traveling mobs of sheep and cattle come gayly through, spreading wide over the lush green grass that decks both plain and sandhill.

No one who has ever traversed the outer highways can forget them. For him every heap of whitening bones, every circle of gray ashes, has a story. In his ears ring ceaselessly the threat of the whips, the gloating of the carrion birds, the welcome of the crackling *gidya* logs, the nightly comfort of the bells. Before him, like an open book, is spread the toil and tramp and laughter of the pioneers.

Time hurries on and brings with it the changes that keep step, and the river roads give way to progress like the rest. Motor cars and bicycles take the place of table-top wagons and shearers' hacks, and many a river road is now a kept and metaled highway, linking prosperous town to town and farm to farm. But always farther on and farther out are the roads that fascinate and charm — appealing in spite of their tragedy — roads cut by crossing ruts and edged by bleaching skeletons, and lit by lonely fires.

The King's Highway

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EDUCATION BY SCIENCE

BY STANLEY DE BRATH

Les enfants étant si intelligents, comment se fait-il que les hommes soient si bêtes? Ca vient de l'éducation!

A RECENT, very excellent article on 'Education by the Humanities'* showed the admirable results obtained at Drighlington (Elementary) School, Bradford, by a system of vernacular literary reading. It was demonstrated that by this plan 'children of twelve will have read many good books, and, when left at school till fourteen, will be far in advance of the children in other elementary schools and will have read a mass of good literature which will enable them to live clean, useful, and intelligent lives after leaving school.' They also, it appears, take pleasure in collecting little libraries of their own, and the child so trained 'starts life with a ready-made library of good books and a love of reading them which is like wearing chain armor against the vicissitudes of life.'

The Education Director's report on five schools in Gloucestershire, which began the method only last year, says that 'it was quite plain that the children had plunged into the wealth of books with a whole-hearted enjoyment,' and that 'girls of eleven had so gained in command of words and facility of expression that they were writing three or four times as much as they would have done before the change, and were using a vocabulary they never would have used at all.'

This is all to the good; it is a great advance, and can hardly be praised too highly in contrast with the old system. But there is another side to the matter. If taken alone, it may be repeating the colossal mistake of the Educational Department in India, which, by its purely literary methods, trained a proletariat of the pen, scorning handwork, exalting glibness and sophistry into fine arts, and living by political agitation. Command of words and facility of expression is the curse of India, as it is of Ireland; and it may easily become the curse of England also. Moreover, if not balanced with exact knowledge, it tends to encourage in after years that glorification of mere opinion which is the source of so many of our present social conflicts.

The great difficulty which is experienced in any discussion (however friendly) to which some definite conclusion is desired, whether it be a trade dispute, a political argument, or a religious question, is to find a common ground of admitted fact. Each party starts from his own limited experiences as if they were the whole truth; and they do not argue to reach truth, but wrangle for victory. This is very largely the result of the purely literary training which gives a command of language, called by each disputant the 'prejudices' of the other; and, as a rule, they separate, each fortified in his own opinion, because each has heard 'views,' miscalled 'reasons.' They 'agree to differ'—which matters little when no practical conclusions are pending, but much when

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lines of conduct are to be decided on. Hence comes the endless clash of conflicting opinions. The literary mind, like a boat with one oar, moves in a circle.

It is exact knowledge,— Science,— and that alone, which can bring men to one mind as far as that process is possible, or, indeed, desirable. Science reconciles; we do not mind conceding to natural law what we will never concede to opinion, however 'expert.' In the modern world Science has been the great reconciler of fundamental differences. The old literary philosophy claimed to deal with final facts. Alike in religion and in politics, distinctions were treated as absolute and contended for as final. Intolerance, and even persecution, were but the logical outcome of this frame of mind. Its physical concepts were of like kind with its politics, assigning to each object its created and inherent properties or essence. Now, the old idea that flame tended upward by its affinity to the heavens, and a stone downward by affinity to the earth, has been superseded by the idea of Force as the one and only cause of motion. Movement, whensoever and wheresoever occurring, whether due to mechanical pressure or to chemical or vital change, is the result of forces whose magnitudes and directions are capable, or should be capable, of mathematical expression. The orderly results of such forces we can ascribe to Immanent Intelligence standing in much the same relation to those forces as that which those forces hold to inert Matter.

The ancient 'four elements' of Aristotle (still true as standing for the solid, liquid, gaseous, and ethereal states) were displaced by the discoveries of Lavoisier, Sir Humphry Davy, Faraday, Gay-Lussac, and a whole galaxy of pioneers in the new fields into which these have led the way. Some seventy metals and non-metals replaced the primitive four, and the permutations of these under the forces of atomic attractions account for the myriad compounds of Nature.

Laplace, using Newton's epoch-making discoveries, had given to the world the brilliant 'nebular hypothesis'— as great a departure in celestial mechanics as Lavoisier's had been in chemistry — when Grove, in *The Correlation of the Physical Forces*, made another splendid extension of the 'Principia,' showing that definite quantities of motion, heat, light, electricity, and the like are mutually interconvertible, and are essentially one thing — Energy: working force as contrasted with static force.

From the parent sciences, Geology and Chemistry, were born the sciences of the physical basis and development of life. Another great generalization arose from the labors of the biologists, whose work is most distinctively represented by Darwin and Wallace. The constant tendency to variation in living things (setting aside teleological speculation on the purpose, or experimental research into the origin of this tendency), and the agency whereby changes which make for suitability to environment and power over it are rendered permanent, and converse changes are obliterated, were summarized and coördinated into the Evolutionary Theory.

Slowly the old conceptions were dissolved. It has been well said that as the warm water fathoms deep washes the submerged ice, so slowly men's ideas change. Slowly the centre of gravity moved from theological postulates to Cartesian axioms, and from these to exact experiments on Matter and Force There was much commotion and tumult when the inevitable reversal took place; but when it had quieted down, scientific method had

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superseded dialectical method. The iceberg had turned.

This idea of 'Becoming' under the action of internal and external forces has covered the entire field of Nature, from the birth and death of suns and planets to those of the smallest structures which the microscope can reveal. There is every reason to think that the very elements themselves are not final products or fixed forms, but mark the present stage of stellar evolution. The concept has won its victorious way into the realms of social science, and has modified every department of thought. Every modern problem, whether social, biologic, or physical, is stated in evolutionary terms of Time and Energy, and its solution can be reached in no other way than by demonstration of conformity to Law, that is, to sequences following on causes. The day for final and dogmatic pronouncements has passed away.

The place of Science in education is, therefore, a matter of fitting children for the world of to-day. It is not a question of special knowledge. It is not a matter of training them for technical knowledge, valuable as that is. The need is to train, not only the function of mind which enjoys literary pursuits and recreations, but that other function which grapples with a difficulty and understands it. This cannot be given by any purely literary training. Literary methods can develop taste; they are indispensable to sympathy and reverence; they make the past live again and show warning and guiding lights; but they cannot reveal Law. Taken alone, they lead to a disinclination to tackle real problems; to the delusion that great questions can be solved by oratory; and they may lead, they sometimes have led, to intellectual softness and decadence, or even to Reading jail.

There are certain fixed principles of the material and super-material world which govern all the social problems we have to face. They are the principles of Matter, the principles of Energy, and the principles of Life; which latter, for mankind, include the principles of right *versus* wrong action. These principles are quite simple in their primary forms; they interest children quite as much as literary work; they give the feeling of conscious advance in solid knowledge of unalterable facts; and they strengthen the invaluable habit of getting down to the roots of things and tackling a problem, instead of absorbing a literary 'view.'

I speak from nearly twenty years' experience in practical teaching when I say that these principles enable a child to understand why ventilation and cleanliness are necessary to health, why a fire 'goes out,' how plants grow, why iron rusts, how soap cleanses, and a thousand everyday matters which are habitually neglected, mismanaged, or rebelled against. How very far-reaching may be the consequences of a lack of scientific knowledge has been illustrated in the late war, when a government official actually informed Parliament, with reference to German manufacture of nitroglycerine, that the extraction of glycerine from fats (discovered by Scheele in 1779 and used ever since) was a new chemical process and had, therefore, been overlooked. And nobody laughed! And our statesmen apparently were not aware that cotton, from which cordite, the only reliable artillery propellant, is derived, must, therefore, be among the very first products to be made contraband of war. This ignorance has cost us thousands of lives and millions of money. The difficulties which beset us at the present moment are fundamentally problems of Energy. However complex they may be from industrial and financial points of view, some of

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the greatest are simple enough in their physical and engineering aspect. Coal is valuable for the heat units it potentially contains. Of the total heat of combustion it is possible under present conditions to transform about 18 per cent into working power; but of the total energy of the fuel, locomotives convert only a relatively small proportion, from 4½ to 6 per cent, into motion. Put otherwise, out of every hundred pounds spent on coal only about six pounds are converted into paying work on our railways; ninety-four pounds are lost. But with the best boilers and steam turbines about 70 per cent of the energy of steam (that is, about 18 per cent of the energy of the coal) can be converted into electrical horse power. Therefore, the conversion of coal energy into electrical energy at the pit-head would treble the power to be had from the coal, leaving the millions spent in transport available for capital charges on distribution and upkeep, and giving the means to content the miners.

It is the same with our domestic heating arrangements: of the total fuel consumed in ordinary grates only some 12 per cent is usefully employed, whereas, by central heating an ordinary ten-roomed house can be effectively warmed by very little more than the fuel required for one ineffective fire. Wealth consists in material products transformed by applied power, and volume of production depends (1) on the understanding of physical laws by users, and (2) on cheap power. But in face of the problems which turn on the use of energy, and on whose solution social adjustments depend, the number of persons in our educated and commercial classes who understand anything about the matter is extremely small. Most persons regard it as a recondite specialty for the engineer and the physicist: they have no notion how closely it touches their comforts and their incomes. The extension of the franchise has brought adult suffrage within practical politics. How can we expect intelligent voting when the mass of our people in all classes are ignorant of the very simplest ideas on the nature of the problems involved?

These things are not remote or recondite. It is not only possible, but easy, to form in children's minds quite accurate elementary ideas that Power is real, and as measurable as butter. They are intensely interested in doing simple experiments for themselves, and they carry the results into many common-sense applications. For many years I taught all mathematics, almost from the very first, in close correlation with physics, and found boys of ten to fourteen quite able to grasp physical laws; and that, instead of regarding their mathematics as a series of useless tricks set them for quite inscrutable reasons, they felt them as what they are — a form of reasoning on facts which opens to them an intelligent and connected insight into the beauties of adjustment in the natural world.

It is the same with biology, with this addition — that the laws of plant-growth admit of extension into the realm of morality and show the unescapable biologic laws which connect misuse of power with physical degeneracy and disease. It is quite unnecessary to use technical phraseology or complicated formulas. Principles are very simple and can be shown by very simple experiments and data. For example, wealth consists of natural products procured and transformed by Energy. Money circulates in return for that energy expended. The amount of expendable energy is unlimited,— I do not mean infinite,— and how it is directed and expended depends on human knowledge and good will. In

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exchanging its products money passes from hand to hand; but the money is not wealth; if there were no forgery or fraud, paper would be as good as gold for internal transactions. If all energy were expended on the things which nourish, warm, instruct, beautify, and give happiness, there might be abundance for all. Unfortunately, men will buy at high prices the things which minister to evil pleasures,— gluttony, display, and worse,— and the energies of supply, which might produce the things which are clean, lovely, and of good report, are turned aside to the causes of strife. Does anyone pretend that this kernel of political economy cannot be understood by boys of fourteen, or even of twelve? Twenty years' experience has shown me that the average boy is nearly, if not quite, as capable of appreciating principles as the average man; for what is lost by the tendency of the immature mind to hard-and-fast definition between true and false is gained by its freedom from self-interested bias. It is only when required to draw inferences, or to generalize, that the immaturity of the mind is conspicuous. It can see principles as the eye sees color.

Two different acts of a boy's mind are often confounded together by parents and teachers — his power of understanding facts and principles on the one hand, and of generalizing from them on the other. From this confusion of mind on the part of those who have the direction of children, two mistakes commonly arise: facts and principles are withheld as being 'beyond their years,' and the conclusions and prejudgments of older minds (which really are beyond their powers) are inculcated as facts. As these are quite foreign to the boy's own mental processes, he retains them only by an effort of the memory and not of the understanding, and, therefore, they do not influence his conduct. To this initial error in education is due also in after-life that inability to distinguish between facts and opinions, which is the root of so many idle controversies

Boys do not set themselves against a kindly and intelligent instructor who knows his business; men do — as every true philosopher from Socrates to Ruskin has had to deplore. *Les enfants étant si intelligents, comment se fait-il que les hommes soient si bêtes? Ça vient de l'éducation.* The French cynic is literally right! We make things difficult and obscure by our methods, and pass by the real beauties to invent imaginary ones. A distinguished lady, recently engaged in stirring up sedition in India, once discoursed to me on Theosophy. Among other things she descanted on the mystery of the Circle — how it generated the six-rayed star, Solomon's Seal formed by prolonging the rays; the symbolism of the superior and inferior worlds, the Star in the East, and a great deal more. I listened and was rather impressed. Having got home and slept on all this wisdom, I took seven pennies and arranged six to touch the central one. Venus Urania, the Muse of Mathematics, spoke to my mind's ear: Is it possible that you don't see that, as the distance from the centre of each penny to the centre of the next in any direction is the same in all cases, being equal to a diameter and forming an equilateral triangle, the outer circles *must* touch the central circle at six points, and the six-rayed star results from this simple fact alone? All the other wonderful things are mere arbitrary symbols, and the *fact* is simply that the distance from the centre to the edge is a constant for each particular size of circle. The really wonderful thing is that water, which takes the spherical form, has within it some principle which causes it to crystallize in six-rayed stars, as

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may be seen in any snow-flake; but whether this can be legitimately taken as symbolic of other things depends on our knowledge of those other things.

The wonders of symbolism are mostly fakes and masks, often concealing ignorance; the wonders of Nature are an avenue of beauty which leads up to God. This is perhaps the best reason for teaching Science — it leads up to look on Nature with the eyes of the poet to whom the 'little flower in the crannied wall' spoke of the unending wonders revealed by the laws of Form and Life. Kingsley's *Water-Babies*, *Glaucus*, *Eyes and No Eyes*, *Lives of the Hunted*, *Wild Animals I Have Known*, *Ethics of the Dust*, *Wonders of the Microscope*, and scores of other books can tell what those who have looked on Nature with loving eyes and wise hearts have seen: but how much more real are those wonders to the child who has seen these things with his own eyes, has watched plants grow and flower, and seen beasts and birds and insects in their own haunts. And when he grows older Science opens to him the whole realm of Law.

> There rolls the deep where grew the tree.
> O Earth, what changes hast thou seen!
> There where the long street roars, hath been
> The stillness of the central sea.

He sees Nature as one great Whole, throbbing with energy, instinct with life, directed by Immanent Intelligence — the Garment of God.

Literature can revive these experiences, it cannot give them; the imagination can reconstruct, it cannot reveal; and much literature is meaningless to those who have never used their senses to observe Nature at first hand. Nature has, for many, been spoiled by the theories of sciolists,— they are not men of science,— who have transferred the Struggle for Existence which dominates the subconscious world of brute evolution, to the moral world of mankind, where it has no real place. The fallacy of this was demonstrated by Huxley in his *Evolution and Ethics*, and has been again emphasized in Mr. Benjamin Kidd's *Science of Power*, in which he shows that, whereas, the physical evolution proceeds by the continuity of the germ-plasm transmitting inherited qualities, producing small variations and slow results, the mental evolution proceeds by the transmission of the cultural inheritance, and can transform in one generation.

The writer of the article on 'Education by the Humanities' says that Miss Mason, in devising this literary scheme, 'starts with the assumption — the truth of which the new method has proved to be well-grounded — that the mind of every normal child is of much the same quality, though of different calibre, and capable of receiving the same training and producing very similar results, quite irrespective of the social class to which the child belongs. In short, that mental powers have no reference to class, the only differences being in individuals.' Long experience of boys leads me to the same conclusions. If we want a truly democratic education which will harmonize present discords, we must recognize the fact that there are among artisans hundreds of children with brains as good as those of any other social class, and give them both wings of the mind — Humanism and Science.

The Cornhill Magazine

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A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A COUNTRY PARSON

BY ALEXANDER MACRAE

THE life of a country parson is often supposed to be one of monotony and stagnation, and no doubt that is sometimes the case. But much depends upon the parson himself. The man who is in sympathetic touch with the men and women around him, even in a small country village, will always find something useful to occupy his time; and for such a man nothing that has in it a touch of human joy or sorrow or hope can ever be devoid of interest. My own parish is a very small one, situated five miles from the nearest railway station. Its population of less than three hundred souls is entirely agricultural, simple and primitive in their ways, and singularly free from town influence, though living within thirty-five miles of London. Yet my life is neither dull nor monotonous, and never a day comes which does not bring its own duties and interests.

It is Monday morning, and I wake up refreshed by the sound repose earned by my Sunday duties in the parish church, and also in a chapel more than two miles distant, where I hold a service every Sunday afternoon. I may mention, in passing, that the farmers of that end of the parish show their friendliness and good will by coming, each in his turn, to fetch me for this service and to drive me home again. Well then, as I awake, the summer sunlight, rich with the promise of a fine day, is shining through my open window. The air is laden with the subtle, penetrating fragrance of roses and other garden flowers, and there are lilacs and laburnums in rich and graceful bloom opposite to my window. My first feeling is a sense of thankful delight to be in the full enjoyment of healthy life in such a beautiful world. At the same moment I become conscious of an unusual quiet that seems to have taken possession of my surroundings. Even the song of the thrush sounds quiet, as if lacking some familiar accompaniment. The reason is that a noisy brood of starlings have either flitted away from their nest near my window or been devoured by a cat, which is just as likely. In either case they have left a peaceful calm behind them. And so I get up; for what could possibly be more delightful on a fine morning in June than a leafy, flowery ancient garden?

In the course of breakfast the postman arrives, bringing, among other missives, the weekly letter from my boy at school, which my wife and myself read in turn and discuss with interest. He was placed in the officers' training corps at the commencement of the term, and now there has been a general at the school to hold an inspection. We are struck by the number of military terms he manages to crowd into his account of the inspection, and we feel that, if only we could afford it, we might try to get him into the army. My mail, as usual on Monday morning, is only a light one, but it contains a circular letter, asking me, of my charity, to preach a sermon and make a collection for a certain very worthy and deserving object which I would gladly help if I could. Poor as the country parson usually is, there is hardly a

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day that he does not receive a begging letter. Meanwhile, my wife opens the daily illustrated paper which is all the journalistic literature we allow ourselves in these lean and hard times, and there, sure enough, the first thing to arrest her attention is a picture of the inspection of our boy's officers' training corps. How very interesting! My wife fetches a magnifying-glass, and we both try, in turn, to identify him; but in vain. The faces are too small, and under the magnifying-glass they appear too blurred and indistinct for recognition.

In the good old days before the war I used to avoid the newspaper until the evening; but who could abide by such a rule as that in war time? I certainly could not; and so I steal out under the beech tree at the end of the lawn, to spend a few minutes over the brief summaries that make up the letterpress of my illustrated daily. But I must not spend too much time on it. In the ordinary routine of my life, I always like on Monday morning to choose my texts for the following Sunday; and so my next move is into my study to look through that day's Scriptures for texts. I soon come across a verse which I recognize as one of the texts in a volume of sermons in my possession by a well-known Nonconformist preacher. I take down the volume from its shelf, and return to my beech tree to study the sermon, and to see what I can get out of it for next Sunday. But before I am well settled down there is a message to say I am wanted.

'Wanted by whom?'

'It's a woman come to the back door with some children. She looks like a tramp.'

I go round to the back door to interview this good woman. I find she knows how to speak for herself, for she gives me no time to ask her any questions.

'Kind sir,' she begins, 'I have brought these 'ere young 'uns to ask if you would be good enough to put the water on 'em. I've always said as 'ow I should 'ave 'em done, but I've been a-putting off on it, and now, being that I am near the church, and the morning so fine, I says to myself, I ain't a-going to put it off no longer. I had the others done in this 'ere church five years a-gone come next Baldock Fair, but these ain't been done yet.'

'Oh, yes, I know; you are Mrs. Bromley, and you are anxious to have your children baptized and brought up as they ought to be.'

'Yes, my dear,' she replied, 'it's me, and I wish my childer to grow up good like and to be honest like myself and their father, for we never steal no fowls nor fuel, and where we've been we leave it as we found it, and don't do no harm to nobody.'

The necessary arrangements having been made with the help of my wife, we went to the church and proceeded with the baptismal service, which was got through without any untoward incident, except that the elder of the two children, when he felt the water on his face, vigorously protested and wanted to go away; but a shaking and a frown from his mother restored instant silence. I felt more charitable than I usually do on the subject of incense-burning in churches, as I held Mrs. Bromley's poor odoriferous baby at the font. As the names were being entered in the register, Mrs. Bromley seemed to be quite overcome by her feelings of thankfulness. 'Thank God,' she said, 'that's done, and their names are wrote down in that there big book. It's what they call the Book of Life, ain't it?'

I tried to explain things to her a little, but she seemed tired. Perhaps it was the natural reaction from the strain caused by the thought of having

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the water put on her children that had worked upon her nerves, or perhaps theology was too much for her, but, in any case, she had carried her baby nearly two miles, and had to carry it back again, no doubt giving the elder child also a lift or two; and so my wife took her into the kitchen and gave herself and her children some milk and pieces of cake, which she repaid with many thanks and blessings. As she was walking away, I asked her if that was her van in the lane leading to the Roman road.

'Oh, my dear, no,' she answered. 'We ain't got no van. We shall never rise to a van. Only a tent, that's all as we've got, and we'll never have no more.'

The depth of feeling with which these words were uttered made me feel that, even in the class to which Mrs. Bromley belonged, there were ambitious and disappointed hopes. Did she have hopes and visions at one time of a van all her own, painted in bright colors, with a curtained window, a stove, and other marks of comfort and luxury? If so her hopes and visions had evidently vanished, and her poor heart knew its own bitterness, perhaps as keenly as any princess who was ever disappointed in her hopes of a palace and a crown.

I had no sooner settled down once more under my favorite beech-tree than another visitor was announced. This time it was a gentleman who handed in a card and had been shown into my study. There I found him, a seal-headed sport of the first quality, in a blazer of unknown pattern, and gray flannel trousers which allowed a fine exposure of gayly colored stockings. He had called to ask if I received confessions. I referred him, somewhat unsympathetically, to his parish priest, that being, I believe, a title which very good Churchmen are fond of using. He was only thinking he would like to spend his next holiday near an old church where confessions were received according to Catholic custom. He then went on to tell me that he believed there was a brass to an ancestor of his in my church.

I glanced again at his card. 'Yes,' I replied, 'there is a well-known brass to a man of your name in the chancel. He was vicar of this parish about the end of the fifteenth century.'

'Yes,' he continued; 'I have seen it mentioned in a book, and I have thought I should like to see it.'

'But I used to think,' I answered, 'that fifteenth-century priests were not supposed to become ancestors.'

'Well, I don't exactly know,' he replied, 'that he was a direct ancestor of mine, but I suppose I am somehow connected with him.'

A little further inquiry elicited the fact that the only known connection my visitor could claim with the fifteenth-century vicar was that they both had the same surname. As the conversation proceeded, my sport became more and more communicative. He was an assistant master in a private preparatory school in the next county. For some reason or other he had a holiday that day, and had started out on his bicycle to visit some old churches. He was much interested in churches, and intended to take holy orders himself. He was going to take a London degree, which he believed any bishop would accept as proof of a liberal education. In fact, he had already sent for and received a copy of the syllabus for the matriculation examination. How many a youth have I known since my schooldays who, in a fit of ambition for academic distinction, sent for a syllabus of the London matriculation examination, to realize, after not many days, that to get a degree was not quite the same thing

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as getting a matriculation syllabus. My sport and myself parted on the best possible terms, he politely assuring me of the pleasure it gave him to meet me, and I wishing him every success in all his academic aims and plans.

The morning is now pretty well advanced, and by the time I have thought out the skeleton of a sermon from the well-stocked storehouse of the volume already mentioned, it is time for lunch — a frugal war-time lunch of succulent herbs. I like these war-time lunches and dinners, though my wife tells me they entail more work in the way of cooking than old pre-war joints of beef and mutton did.

Shortly after lunch I set out to visit a hamlet about a mile and a half away. The first man I meet on my way is old Ted Greene, the road man. He wants to know how I think the war is getting on. That is a question my parishioners are never tired of asking me. 'How do you think the war is getting on now, sir?' They all like to hear my opinion, however little it may be worth.

Old Ted cannot read himself, but his wife can, and he is always ready to relate with evident pride what his wife has been 'a-reading' in the papers. 'My wife has been a-reading as how them Germans have been a-starving on their prisoners to death and a-murdering on poor women and children in cold blood like. The cruel and bloodthirsty varmints! Ah, it's rum work is war, and no mistake!'

I leave the road man to meditate in solitude on the horrors of war, and continue my journey. The next person I meet is Mrs. Reed, a former parishioner, but now living in a neighboring parish at a distance of five or six miles. After the usual exchange of greetings, I tell Mrs. Reed that I knew she was visiting her old friends in the parish, because I saw her at church last evening.

'And mighty glad I was to be there,' she says, 'and hear the Prayer Book service as I was used to.'

'Does not your own new vicar,' I ask, 'give you the Prayer Book services?'

'No, sir,' she replied, 'that he don't. He's all for Popery, and we none on us like it. The master, him what my husband works for like, he calls him a scarlet woman; and when I see him dressed up in this 'ere thing what he wears like a great red quilt, thinks I to myself, "Well, you do look like an old scarlet woman, and no mistake"; and my goodness, ain't it grand, this 'ere quilt thing? All scarlet and gold like. Then he has a boy with him what burns some stuff — I forget what they call it, and I don't want to know neither; but the boy keeps a-burning and a-swinging on it about like, till the church is full of smoke. Some like the smell of this 'ere smoke, but I don't; it ain't neither sweet smell nor Gospel for me; and one day when the vicar met me, he says to me, "Mrs. Reed, you ain't been to church lately." "No more I ain't," says I. "And how is that?" says he, so meek like that you would think butter could n't melt in his mouth; which riled me like. And says I, "I don't like your dirty smoke; it makes me cough and I ain't a-going to your church no more." And with that I just sails past him.'

I no sooner part with Mrs. Reed than I come upon Mr. Gunner, an old retired gamekeeper, recently come to live in the parish. He is feeding hens in front of his cottage door, and, as usual, is ready to talk with me. Having received such answers as I am able to give to his questions about the war and how it is getting on, he begins to tell me, in angry, voluble tones, how the fox had got in among his hens the

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night before and killed seven of them. I ask him if it is not usual in such a case as that to receive compensation from the Master of the Hounds.

'That all depends,' he answers. 'You may, and you may not. I'm going to apply. If I liked I could tell them as how I ain't been a gamekeeper for three-and-forty years without knowing how to catch a fox, and if they don't pay for my hens, there ain't going to be no foxes for them hereabouts when they come this way.'

The depredations of the fox among the cottagers' hens is a frequent source of annoyance and ill-feeling in these parts.

Having left old 'Velveteens' to feed his hens and write his letter to the Master of the Hounds, I make my way to old Mrs. Browne's cottage. She is the oldest person in the parish and has lived in her ancient sixteenth-century cottage ever since she was a little girl, more than eighty years ago. Here her husband came to live with her. Here she reared her family. And now her only companion is a caged jay, which entertains her by mimicking her cough, the caterwauling of cats, or any other noise that takes its fancy. When she has no other company Mrs. Browne often entertains herself by talking to her jay, and a wonderful talker she is. I have heard it said of George Meredith's marvelous conversational powers, that he would go on for half an hour hardly ever hesitating for a word; but Mrs. Browne has never once hesitated for a word during the eighty and some odd years that she has been talking her own homely rustic speech. She has such a sympathetic, flexible voice, and such a natural and expressive modulation of it, that it is always pleasant to listen to her. To the Suffragettes her gifts would have been invaluable; but hers has been a nobler and more beautiful life. She was the devoted wife of an honest man for fifty years, and has reared a healthy, wholesome family, all of whom have become profitable members of the commonwealth. I find Mrs. Browne not at all in her best form to-day, for she has hardly any smile of welcome for me, as she usually has. Her cottage has been invaded by an army of rats.

'Eighty-two years come Michaelmas next,' she says, 'ever since I was six years old have I lived in this 'ere cottage, and never before have I been tormented by them brutes in this way. Just afore you come in, sir, one on 'em come and sat staring at me in that there corner and raised his paw just for all the world as if he was a-putting of his thumb to his nose at me, and him as big as a rabbit; and that's as true as I am a-telling you on it. They keep on a-running and a-squealing all over the house and over my bed all night long, and there ain't nothing as they can't get at. I have to hang the bread in a basket from that there beam, as you see, sir, to keep it from them. I'm fair worrited to death. What between this 'ere war and them rats, nobody can't get no peace.'

I am glad to say that before my next visit Mrs. Browne's landlord had sent a man with traps and poison, who accounted for eight rats in one night. If there were any survivors, they migrated to safer quarters, and Mrs. Browne assured me that, when she lay down to rest the following night in perfect peace, with no rats squealing and ramping about, 'it was for all the world like being in Heaven.'

Before I left Mrs. Browne's cottage one of her neighbors came in to lay before me some grievances of her own. She had been upset by the conduct of one of the choir boys during my sermon the evening before.

'Well, you see, sir,' she went on,

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'it's like this 'ere; you can't see what pranks them little imps get up to when you are in the pulpit, and they think as nobody sees them. There was Tommy Ward last night; he rolled up his handkercher into a bunny like, with ears and all, and then he kept on making it jump up his arm, and making all the other boys laugh, and, the Lord forgive me, he very nearly made me laugh myself, it was so comical to see that there rolled-up handkercher going on for all the world as if it were alive. And there was you talking so beautiful, and them little imps of choir boys a-spoiling of your sermon for all as could see them.'

'I quite understand,' I answered. 'He is always up to his pranks. I think I must turn him out of the choir.'

'Well, sir,' she replied, 'I would not like you for to go as far as that. Boys will be boys, and I never like to be too hard on 'em. As I say many a time to Mrs. Browne here, you never know what a boy may turn out to be one day. There was Tommy's own father; he was a pickle, if you like; and there he is now, taking the bag round at church, and looking more like a squire than a laborer. No, sir, I would never be too hard on a boy for a little fun; but if you was to speak to him and tell him not to try to be funny in the house of God, I dare say he would mind what he was a-doing of.'

When I had come to an understanding with this good and kind-hearted lady about the best way of dealing with Tommy Ward, she took her departure, leaving me to indulge in some secret reflections of my own with regard to the endless trouble and nuisance of choir boys generally, and sometimes of choir men, as well. As I, too, was about to depart, Mrs. Browne asked me if I had time to read something to her before I went away. I told her I would make time for that, and so I read to her Psalm lxxi out of my pocket Prayer Book.

'"Forsake me not, O God, in mine old age when I am gray-headed"—how them words do comfort me,' she observed. 'I was never taught to read myself, as you know, but it do me a power of good to listen to them as can read like you, sir. When I was a little girl I used to work for the farmer's wife at The Grange, what you've heard me speak of, and she taught me to say, "Glory to Thee, my God, this night," and it's been a wonderful comfort to me all my life. Many a time when I lie abed awake of a night I say to myself:

'When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.'

And then, with the merest suspicion of a smile, she declared them rats to be as bad as any powers of darkness she ever knowed, and continued her hymn:

'Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die that so I may
Rise glorious on the awful day.'

Pray, sir, if that ain't a beautiful prayer I don't know what is; and how it do comfort me to say it, as I draw near my own grave, which can't nohow be very far off at my time of life.

About eighty years had come and gone since a mistress, probably possessed of little or no book-learning herself, taught, out of goodness and kindness of heart, a simple but beautiful hymn to a poor peasant girl, to whom throughout all the struggles and trials of a long life of poverty and toil it has proved a never-failing source of strength and comfort—more, perhaps, than a whole school course of the mechanical religious instruction about which we squabble

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and quarrel so much in these days could have done. We little know how far-reaching in its effects a simple act of real kindness may sometimes prove.

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

'Well, Mrs. Browne, I must get off now, or I'll keep my wife waiting for tea, and she won't like that.'

'That's quite right, sir. A man ought to think of his wife, and the tea don't get no better by being kept standing. Good-bye, sir, and thank you, and I hope you won't be long o' calling on me again.'

And so I turn my footsteps homeward, and on my way I meet the school children of the hamlet which I had been visiting. They, too, are on their way home, sauntering thoughtlessly and happily along in the balmy warmth of the summer afternoon. Some of them are walking on the embankment that protects the road from the floods of the stream alongside of it, others peering into the hedge on the opposite side of the road for birds' nests — now running about, now loitering, shouting, and laughing, all of them quite unconscious of the flight of time. Some will take a couple of hours on the mile-and-a-half journey between the school and their homes. And this Monday afternoon of fine summer weather most of them look so smart and pretty in the clean pinafores and collars in which their industrious and devoted mothers have dressed them for the week. How so many of these village mothers, with such slender means and scant time, can keep their children so clean and so attractive, is one of the mysteries of motherly love. But there the children are, bright, happy, and winning, mostly kind and agreeable to each other, sometimes squabbling and quarreling, but soon making it up again, and always interesting to watch.

Oh, happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware.

These walks along lanes and hedgerows to and from a country village school, what an inexhaustible source of delight they are for young people in fine summer weather, when roads and paths are no longer wet and muddy, but dry and clean, bright and fragrant with flower and blossom, and vocal with the song of birds! What possibilities of happy memories for long years to come; and how sad to think that some of those happy innocent children will soon find their way to the squalid streets of the great city, too often to sink in the midst of its poverty and sin!

Alas! regardless of their doom
The little victims play;
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor cares beyond to-day;
But see how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate.

Could it not be possible to make life on the land as attractive as dust-collecting and street-sweeping in the service of the London County Council? — for that is the kind of work for which the young men of this parish are always ready to desert the land. And yet how much greater the skill required for successful work on the land, and how much more varied and interesting that work ought to be to any man of ordinary intelligence. As the children draw near me, they become somewhat subdued in their talk and movements, perhaps out of respect for me, perhaps expecting that I am going to stop and talk to them, as I often do. But I am already due at home, and as I show no sign of stopping this afternoon, the girls curtsey and the boys give a jerky military salute as

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they pass me with a 'Good-afternoon, sir.'

Tea on the lawn under my favorite beech tree. How rich in flavor, how delightfully refreshing it is after my afternoon walk in the summer sun. But my day's work is not yet ended; for my living is a poor one, which has to be supplemented by something from fifty to a hundred pounds a year, and to earn that money there is something more to be done before I can consider my day's work satisfactorily ended. Nevertheless, I manage to save out of my evening a good hour for some interesting and instructive reading out of one of the leading monthly magazines. These I get when they are a month old, from a lending library in our nearest town; for there are two very important things which I have learned from experience. One is that to visit my parishioners frequently, but only at such times as may be most convenient for them, helps me to get into pleasant and profitable relations with them much more than many daily services in an empty church could do; the other is, that, for such sermons as they care to hear and listen to, there is more help to be found in the best of the current periodicals than in the works of St. Augustine, or even in the literature of the 'Life and Liberty' movement.

At last the long shadows of the evening vanish, the twilight creeps on, and as I end my day, listening to the song of the nightingale, I wonder if, after all, there are many things more delightful or more full of human interest than the life and work of an English country parson whose parishioners are well disposed and friendly to him, and whose income is sufficient to enable him to provide himself and his household with the necessary daily bread.

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THE NEW SHAKESPEARE CLAIMANT

A REVIEW OF THE EVIDENCE

BY E. ANDREWS

[EDITORIAL NOTE: A short review of M. Lefranc's book has already been printed in THE LIVING AGE, and may be found in the number for April 12. Since that date, however, the book has attracted great attention everywhere in England, and has been the subject of much controversy. The present review has been widely praised for its admirable summary of the evidence.]

As a visible sign of the new intellectual alliance between the French and English peoples M. Abel Lefranc's recent Shakespearean researches * will arouse the sympathetic interest of British scholars.

M. Lefranc, who has long been a distinguished professor of the Collège de France, is best known to the learned world by his erudite works on Rabelais, Ronsard, and Molière; but he has also devoted much of his time and attention to the complexities of the Shakespeare problem, and the present volumes are the result of an intimate acquaintance with the English poet and of patient investigations which have extended over many years.

From a careful scrutiny of biographical records M. Lefranc has deduced the fact that the closest connection exists between the lives and literary production of the three French authors who are his specialty, and that their personal history, as far as we are fortunate enough to know it, has its complete counterpart in their poems and dramas. Nor, says he, is this true of them alone, for such scanty information as we possess of the Greek dramatists leads to the conclusion that the daily life and mental experiences of an Æschylus, a Sophocles, and an Aristophanes are the background of their immortal plays. Generally speaking, every crisis in the existence of an artist, every influence brought to bear upon him, every emotion which flits across his consciousness, leaves its trace in his work, if we have but the skill to discover it. Life and literature stand to each other as cause and effect.

When M. Lefranc applied this generalization to Shakespeare, he was at once confronted with the incongruity between the great Englishman's traditional personality and the Shakespearean poems and dramas, and from the internal evidence afforded by the latter he felt justified in laying down the three following propositions:

1. The dramatic and poetical works which were performed and published under the name of the actor William Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon in the late sixteenth century cannot possibly have been composed by him.

2. According to every evidence the author of these works was a member of the English aristocracy who desired to remain anonymous.

* *Sous le Masque de William Shakespeare. William Stanley, VIe Comte de Derby.* 2 vols. Paris: Payot et Cie. 1919.

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3. An extraordinary assemblage of concordances, inductions, and actual facts permits one to infer that the dramas and poems attributed to William Shakespeare are really the works of William Stanley, sixth Earl of Derby (1561–1642).

The first proposition was, of course, formulated long ago by the Baconians and other heterodox Shakespearean scholars, but M. Lefranc's development of the thesis is interesting because of the new sidelights which his position as a foreigner and a Latin, standing aside from the more familiar English view of the poet, enables him to throw upon the question.

The Frenchman in M. Lefranc was naturally attracted first of all to *Love's Labour's Lost*, for this early work shows French influence at every turn, and a French scholar is, perhaps, better fitted than anyone else to estimate it. The following is a résumé of the argument by which he seeks to prove that the play could not have been written by Shakespeare of Stratford.

If we accept the year 1589 as the date of *Love's Labour's Lost* we are confronted with an anomaly. We have every reason to suppose that the young Shakespeare, but lately arrived from his Warwickshire home, and employed in an humble capacity at a public theatre, was precluded by his condition of life from intimate association with the nobility and the great personages of the literary world, was unable, by reason of his previous education and upbringing, to appreciate such association even if it had been vouchsafed to him, and was incapable of acquiring suddenly all the delicacies and subtle graces of aristocratic conversation and polite behavior, which were as a great gulf fixed between the upper classes and the people in the Elizabethan age. Nor is it likely that all of Shakespeare's time was spent in London, where he might conceivably have enjoyed a certain amount of leisure, for he must have traveled with the rest of his company when once he became an actor, and the wear and tear of provincial tours would leave him little time for study or literary composition.

Now the unknown young actor makes his début as a dramatist. And what is the character of his first play? It is not an adaptation of some older piece, which he might have polished and transformed with a reasonable prospect of pleasing a theatrical audience. It is not a scene from English life, which by a stretch of the imagination we might presume him sufficiently experienced and skillful to delineate successfully. Quite the contrary. *Love's Labour's Lost* is an ingenious and complicated work which presupposes on the part of its author an intimate acquaintance with the manners, thoughts, and speech of the nobility. Like *The Tempest*, which closes Shakespeare's career, it is derived from no known literary source. It is not English, but French from end to end. The language is the language of the French court in the sixteenth century. The manners are those of the French nobility. The plot is a thinly veiled study of court life under Henri of Navarre, who afterwards became Henri Quatre of France, and the Princess of France is no other than Marguerite de Valois, the 'Reine Margot' of the *Heptameron*. Biron, Longaville, and Dumain are historical figures, well known to every traveling English aristocrat of the period. Biron is Charles de Gontaut, Baron de Biron, born in 1562, son of the Lieutenant-General of Guyenne, and from early youth the friend and supporter of Henri Quatre. Longaville is Henri d'Orléans, Duke of Longueville, Governor of Picardy, the conqueror of the troops of the League at Senlis, and a

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constant partisan of Henri Quatre. His mother, the Duchess of Longueville, was Henri's aunt. Dumain may probably be identified with Mayenne, Duke of Maine, at first a friend of Henri Quatre, afterwards his enemy.

The passage in Act V, Scene ii:

Rosalind: You'll ne'er be friends with him; he killed your sister.
Katherine: He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;
And so she died: had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might have been a grandam ere she died,

recalls the pitiful story of the young and lovely Hélène de Tournon, the daughter of one of Marguerite's ladies-in-waiting. In 1577, two years before Margot paid the famous visit to Navarre, which according to M. Lefranc forms the scene of *Love's Labour's Lost*, she traveled with a gay suite of ladies and gentlemen to Brabant. The fêtes and merrymakings which took place on that occasion are alluded to in Act II, Scene i, when Rosalind says to Biron:

Did I not dance with you in Brabant once?

The itinerary included Le Catelet, Cambresis, Valenciennes, Mons, Namur, Huy, and Liége, at which last place, says Marguerite in her *Mémoires:*

Our arrival was greeted with all honor and rejoicing, and our stay would have been even more agreeable had it not been for the misfortune which happened to Mdlle. de Tournon. Her story being so remarkable I must needs relate it. Mme. de Tournon, who was at the time my lady-in-waiting, had several other daughters, the eldest of whom was married to M. de Balançon, the King of Spain's Governor for the County of Bourgogne. When this daughter left home she asked Mme. de Tournon to lend her Mdlle. de Tournon . . . which the mother did. Mdlle. de Tournon stayed with her sister for several years, and as she was very agreeable and amiable, M. le Marquis de Varembon, who was destined for the Church, wished to marry her.

The other relations of the Marquis consented to the match, but M. de Balançon stubbornly opposed it. Mme. de Tournon took great offense at this, and promptly removed her daughter, whom she treated with the greatest severity and even violence.

Wishing nothing so much as to escape from this tyranny [Marguerite resumes] Mdlle. de Tournon was extremely happy when she learned that I was going to Flanders, for she expected that the Marquis de Varembon would be there, as indeed he was, and that as he was now in a position to marry, since he had entirely given up the Church, he would ask for her hand and she would thus be delivered from her mother's harshness. The Marquis de Varembon and young Balançon, his brother, were at Namur, as I have said. Young de Balançon, who was not nearly as agreeable as the other, frequented the girl's society and sought her out, but all the while we were at Namur the Marquis de Varembon pretended not to know her. Her vexation, regret, and annoyance so rent her heart (for she forced herself to be cheerful when he was present and to show no concern) that suddenly she could no longer breathe but in lamentations and with mortal pains. As she had no disease, her youth struggled with death for eight or ten days; but all the efforts of the physicians could not save her, and a few days after I reached Liége she expired.

A magnificent funeral was given her by Marguerite's orders, and the recalcitrant lover, coming unexpectedly on the scene, in much the same way that Hamlet encountered the funeral of Ophelia, was so overcome with grief and remorse that he, too, died soon afterwards.

This is the tragedy whose memory is evoked, together with the pleasanter recollections of the balls and banquets of Flanders and Alençon, and which comes so naturally into the conversation of Marguerite's ladies, among

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whom was still the mother of the unfortunate girl.

Two years later Marguerite undertook her celebrated journey to Navarre, which M. Lefranc assumes as the date for the action of *Love's Labour's Lost*. The older date of 1427, which many critics favor on the strength of a passage from Monstrelet's *Chronicles*, he rejects because of the prominent part played in the drama by the settlement of Aquitaine, a question which was not under discussion at the earlier period.

In 1579 Marguerite's dowry was partially unpaid and, aside from the sums which had not been handed over, the King of Navarre still claimed territorial rights in Gascony and Guyenne, or Aquitaine, which is, therefore, justly spoken of in the play as 'the dowry of a queen.' This was the occasion for Marguerite's journey, in which she went from town to town of her husband's dominions, accompanied by her 'flying squadron' of gay and winsome ladies, upon whose fascinations she counted to win over the gentlemen of Henri's court. So openly was the fact recognized at the time that the engagement of wit and beauty which followed was called the 'Guerre des Amoureux.'

As to the ascetic decision taken by the King and his courtiers at the beginning of *Love's Labour's Lost*, there is a letter from Cobham to Walsingham which shows a curious parallelism. Cobham writes that the King of Navarre had summoned to his court celebrated leaders of the Protestant faith, and had reformed his household, and that his sister, Catherine of Bourbon, had done the same; that the sober and honorable course of life there pursued had attracted many personages among both Catholics and Protestants; and that several people of quality proposed sending their children thither to enjoy these advantages.

In Act V, Scene ii, when the Princess says:

> Yes, as much love in rhyme
> As would be crammed up in a sheet of paper,
> Writ on both sides, the leaf, margent, and all;
> That he was wont to seal in Cupid's name,

she is describing peculiarities of Henri's love letters. In addition to the special seal which he used, the address and the body of his letters bore various emblems, and the signature was particularly ornate. There exists, in the possession of Count Le Gonidec de Traissan, the authentic original of the song *Charmante Gabrielle*, written throughout by the hand of Henri Quatre, and sent by him to Gabrielle d'Estrées. It has all the characteristics mentioned in *Love's Labour's Lost*, including several stanzas which are written in the margin.

With regard to the year 1579, which M. Lefranc supposes to be the date of the action of *Love's Labour's Lost*, Sully says, 'The Court of Navarre was for a time most fair and pleasant. There was nothing talked of but love and the pleasures and pastimes dependent upon it.' He adds that the guests were entertained with comedians, jesters, and musicians, and that long rambles through the beautiful park of Nérac alternated with balls and banquets, fêtes and hunting parties. The life was so gay that Marguerite exclaimed, 'We did not envy the Court of France, for the Princess of Navarre and I had a number of ladies and maidens, and the King, my husband, was surrounded by a troop of as honest lords and gentlemen as ever I saw among the gallantest at Court.'

The effect of this internal evidence is such that M. Lefranc feels justified in denying the possibility of Shakespearean authorship for the play. In his opinion, while a clever young

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dramatist might conceivably have gathered a certain number of data for the background of his piece, it is impossible that a middle-class, stay-at-home Englishman should have known all the gossip, the innuendoes, the peculiarities of princely love letters, the joys and sorrows of a little court which was farther removed from sixteenth-century London than is some small group of Balkan royalties from the London of to-day. This negative criticism, however, is only a part of M. Lefranc's task. If Shakespeare did not write *Love's Labour's Lost*, who did? Evidently the author must have been some English nobleman, and by preference some nobleman who knew the Court of Navarre personally, and not merely from hearsay. And was there such an individual? M. Lefranc thinks he existed in the sixth Earl of Derby.

The constructive argument is twofold. In the first place it aims to show in a general way that the Earl of Derby was a dramatic author, and, secondly, that he wrote this particular play. The evidence on the first point is contained in two letters, which were written by a certain George Fenner in London, and which are dated June 30, 1599. One is addressed to his partner Balthazar Gybels, at Antwerp, and reads: 'Therle of Darby is busyed only in penning comedies for the commoun players,' while the other is directed to Sire Humfredo Galdelli or Giuseppe Tusinga, Venice, and repeats: 'Our Erle of Darby is busye in penning commedyes for the common players.' * This is the sole positive assertion yet discovered that the Earl of Derby wrote any plays at all; but upon it the French savant rears an imposing structure.

First, as to the letters and their writer. George Fenner, says M. Lefranc, was a secret political agent, who was working for the Catholic cause, and who had correspondents at Antwerp and Venice. His confidential letters were intercepted by Elizabeth's government, and have thus found their way into the state papers. From their context we learn that some of the English Catholic nobility were expecting an uprising about June, 1599, and were anxious for the support of Lord Derby, whom they considered a possible candidate for the English throne. Fenner had made inquiries about what could be attempted with him, but the information obtained proved that the leaders of the insurrection could not count upon him, since he was 'busyed only' with the composition of plays and would not be disturbed on any pretext.

In addition to the testimony of Fenner's letters there is a strong presumption of Lord Derby's interest in the theatre from the fact that his grandfather, his father, and his elder brother, the unfortunate Ferdinando, Lord Strange, were all patrons of the stage, and that the family mansions were the scenes of more frequent and more magnificent dramatic performances than any other English private houses of the period. From earliest childhood he must have been familiar with things theatrical, and as William Shakespeare was a member of his brother's company, he undoubtedly knew the Stratford actor; but that he actually wrote plays for this or any other specified company there is no evidence.

Granting, however, that the Earl of Derby wrote 'comedies for the commoun players,' according to Fenner's letters, what proof have we that he composed *Love's Labour's Lost?*

The author of this play, in M. Lefranc's opinion, must have been an

* *State Papers, Domestic, Elizabeth*, Vol. 271, Nos. 34, 35.

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English aristocrat, who had traveled in France, who knew the court life of Navarre from within, who was of a sufficiently high rank to present the slightly disguised history of this court as no obscure, middle-class individual would have ventured to do, and who had some connection with the writer and producer of *Mysteries* described in the character of Holofernes.

We have now to ask how far the sixth Earl of Derby fulfills these requirements.

On Wednesday, the 27th of July, 1582, young William Stanley, the future Lord Derby, who was then twenty-one years of age, arrived in Paris with his tutor, Mr. Richard Lloyd. On the 1st of August his name appears, in a letter of Faunt, among those of various prominent Englishmen who were traveling in Italy, Bavaria, and France. He had a most flattering reception at the Court of Henri Trois, where his family was well and favorably known. From Paris he and his tutor visited Orléans, Blois, Tours, and Saumur, and at Angers they intended to establish themselves, as we learn from a letter of Mr. Lloyd to Walsingham. Some time during the year 1587 Stanley returned to England.

Of the young nobleman's doings between the years 1582 and 1587 we know nothing more, for the Derby archives of that period are mostly lost, and *A Brief Account of the Travels of the Celebrated Sir William Stanley, Son of the Fourth Earl of Derby, of Lathom Hall, Lancashire,* is fiction and not fact. He may be presumed, like other young Englishmen of his station, to have made the Grand Tour, to have visited Navarre, Spain, Italy, and a part of Germany, but of his travels no record remains.

The second argument, as to the intimate knowledge of Navarre and its court life, moves in a circle. The man who wrote *Love's Labour's Lost,* says M. Lefranc, undoubtedly had that knowledge. He had seen or heard an exact description of the King of Navarre's ornate and peculiar love letters; he had listened to the story of Hélène de Tournon; he was intimate with the Reine Margot and her lively maidens; he describes Henri and the courtiers of Navarre with the ease and sure touch of a close friend; he even remembers the taste for Rabelais which prevailed in that gay circle. He could not have been William Shakespeare, of Stratford, the insular Englishman, son of an illiterate father, father of a daughter who never learned to sign her name. We may grant all this, but then the question arises: Was this man William Stanley, Earl of Derby? And the answer cannot be yes; for there is no scrap of written evidence to show that Stanley ever visited Navarre, and merely to surmise with M. Lefranc that he did so, because many noblemen were sending their sons to that place in 1583, at a time when he was in France, and that he was well received at Henri's Court because he had had a flattering reception at the Court of France, is not proof. It is simply an inference. The argument that only a man of quality would have dared to make such transparent allusions to the private lives of contemporary royalties is on the same footing. It may induce us to believe that the author of *Love's Labour's Lost* was an aristocrat, as may also the circumstance that the play was always given at court during the sixteenth century, and not in any public theatre; but on the scanty evidence which we possess we cannot assert that this aristocrat was the Earl of Derby.

With regard to Holofernes, M. Lefranc begins his argument by clearing away the mistake of identifying that character with John Florio. Of all

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people in the world, the excellent translator of Montaigne was the last man to think of in such a connection, and besides there is nothing to indicate that he ever wrote a *Mystery* in his life, much less the *Nine Worthies*.

A poetic composition called *The Nine Worthies* exists, however, and it was written by Richard Lloyd in 1584. Lloyd was born in 1545, and educated at Shrewsbury. He was sent to France by the Earl of Leicester in 1580, and subsequently to Italy. In 1582, as we have seen, he took young Stanley to Paris. The British Museum contains a letter from him to James the First, dated June 20, 1610, and enclosing a manuscript written in English, which is interlarded with Latin terms precisely in the style of the outpourings of the Shakespearean Holofernes.

Lloyd's composition is similar in several respects to the *Nine Worthies* of *Love's Labour's Lost*. The characters are Joshua, Hector, David, Alexander, Judas Maccabæus, Julius Cæsar, Arthur, Charlemagne, and Guy of Warwick, each of whom delivers a monologue. Of the five Worthies mentioned by Shakespeare, three are the same as in Lloyd's piece, and in both cases each Worthy introduces himself to the company. Lloyd's dialogue runs:

Joshua: I am the worthie conqueror Duke Iosua the great.
Alexander: I am the great and worthie King.
Charlemagne: I am the Emperor Charlemagne, surnamed Charles the Great, etc.,

with which may be compared *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V, Scene ii:

Costard: I Pompey am, Pompey surnamed the big.
Sir Nathaniel (as Alexander): When in the world I lived I was the world's commander.
Holofernes. Judas I am, ycleped Machabæus.

Shakespeare's burlesque retains the emphatic, serious tone of Lloyd's poem, and in both a Morality follows the appearance of each character.

Love's Labour's Lost, Act V, Scene ii, reads:

Biron: Hide thy head, Achilles; here comes Hector in arms.
Dumain: Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.
King: Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.
Boyet: But is this Hector?
King: I think Hector was not so clean-timbered.
Longaville: His leg is too big for Hector.
Dumain: More calf, certain.
Boyet: No, he is best indued in the small.
Biron: This cannot be Hector.
Dumain: He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

Lloyd's text has:

Hector was indifferent tall, well compact
and strong withall,
Courteous, quicke, and deliuere of might,
in armes a very goodly Knight.
His head was white and curld, I finde, his
beard was white, he was sandblinde.
And somewhat he did lispe also, a gentler
wight no man might know:
He bare two Lyons combatand, or in asure
(I understand).

Shakespeare's Alexander says:

When in the world I lived, I was the
world's commander;
By east, west, north, and south, I spread
my conquering might:
My 'scutcheon plain declares, that I am
Alisander;

and later in the same scene Costard exclaims:

O, sir, you have overthrown Alisander! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-axe sitting on a close-stool, will be given to Ajax: he will be the ninth Worthy.

Lloyd's verses run:

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Alexander: And sawe myselfe a conqueror vnto the world's end —
And marched backe to Babylon, triumphing as a God,
Where all the princes of the east for me made their abod.
There did I hold a parleament, almost of all the world:
For ouer all the orient I was the soueraigne Lord,

while his description of Alexander is:

This puissant prince and conqueror bare in his shield a Lyon or,
Wich sitting in a chaire hent a battel axe in his paw argent.

No doubt it is fascinating to think of William Stanley as a gay young spark, out for adventures and pranks of every kind, finding congenial spirits among the mercurial French *noblesse*, and making common cause with them to ridicule his mentor, already a pedant at thirty-five. Whoever Holofernes was, his weaknesses are caricatured with all the cruelty of youth: 'Sir Nathaniel, will you have an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer?' he asks, and proceeds to declaim (Act IV, Scene ii):

The praiseful princess pierced and prick'd a pretty, pleasing pricket;
Some say, a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting:
The dogs did yell; put L to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket;
Or pricket, sore, or else sorel; the people fall a-hooting.
If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores; O sore L!
Of one sore I a hundred make, by adding but one more L.

One can almost hear the laughter of the graceless young scamps echoing down the laurel alleys of Nérac Park, at the perpetration of this absurd burlesque epitaph.

Holofernes had been in Italy, as he takes pains to let everyone know, and his fondness for astonishing his untraveled friends with scraps of Italian is well hit off in 'I will . . . undertake your ben venuto,' and in 'Vinegia, Vinegia, chi non te vede, ei non te pregia.'

But alluring as the temptation is to force a connection between even one scene in a Shakespearean play and an episode of the author's life, the argument with regard to the character of Holofernes-Lloyd, when stripped of all its accessories in the way of hypothesis, conjecture, and fanciful comparison, stands simply thus:

William Stanley wrote 'comedies for the commoun players,' and traveled in France with Lloyd as his tutor. Lloyd wrote a mystery of *The Nine Worthies*, two years after we know him to have been in France with Stanley. X—— wrote *Love's Labour's Lost*, burlesquing Lloyd's *Nine Worthies*, and probably caricaturing Lloyd's own weaknesses as a pedagogue and a man. Was X—— Stanley or Shakespeare, or someone else? The present data do not permit of a reply.

I have considered *Love's Labour's Lost* at some length, because it seems to furnish the most forcible of all the arguments which M. Lefranc advances, and by analyzing it one does him full justice. But an examination of his remaining chapters shows practically the same result.

It would be difficult to improve upon his destructive criticism, which presents the case against Shakespeare of Stratford in the strongest light possible. Shakespeare's handwriting, says M. Lefranc, is unique in its lack of the characteristics which denote the man of letters in the Elizabethan age. The author of the plays must have traveled in France, Italy, and Spain; but as far as we know, Shakespeare never left England. The dramas presuppose a thorough training in the law, not a

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mere smattering of legal phrases acquired in casual conversation; but there is no evidence that Shakespeare ever enjoyed the advantages of any such education. *Hamlet* and the other tragedies imply a mental and moral crisis of which no record or tradition has survived with regard to William Shakespeare. The author of *The Tempest* was an adept in magic; Shakespeare was not, to the best of our knowledge. All the internal evidence of the dramas goes to show that the man who wrote them belonged to the most exclusive circles of the British aristocracy; Shakespeare assuredly did not.

It is in the constructive argument, which is really the crux of the whole question, that the greatest weakness appears. M. Lefranc's investigations show that the sixth Earl of Derby traveled in France, studied law in the Temple, was an intimate friend of John Dee the celebrated Elizabethan magician and astrologer, suffered severe mental and moral anguish during the progress of the great Derby litigation, which dragged out its weary course for sixteen long years, was interested in the stage, composed plays for public performances, and was, of course, a man of the highest rank and social prominence. All this lies in the domain of fact. But that his known visit to Paris demonstrates his presence in Navarre as well, is not true. That his legal studies and magical arts and mental agonies translated themselves into *Hamlet* and *The Tempest* and the other stupendous Shakespearean dramas, no living man can assert. Inference is not proof, though M. Lefranc seems sometimes to forget it.

The Earl of Derby makes a strong appeal to anyone who is seeking for the ideal Shakespeare, the man whose life we would fain 'marry to his verse,' as Emerson said he could never do in the case of the Stratford Shakespeare. His sympathetic, mysterious, and romantic figure stands out in high relief among the candidates who have been proposed for the honor of Shakespearean authorship, and a tribute of gratitude is due to M. Lefranc for having rescued it from comparative oblivion. But there is no evidence, literally no evidence at all, that William Stanley ever penned a line of our national masterpieces, and until such evidence is produced, clear, undoubted and convincing, there can be no change in what Mr. Gordon Crosse calls 'the balance of probabilities,' nor shall we venture to salute in his person the loftiest genius of the English-speaking race.

The Nineteenth Century and After

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RECONSTRUCTING FRANCE

BY M. FRANCIS DELAISI

Some time ago the Federation of British Industries offered its coöperation to France to aid her to restore the ravages of war and to prepare for her economic recovery. It received many thanks and compliments but no orders. English opinion appeared to be surprised and a little disappointed at this. Perhaps it did not realize very well the industrial situation of our country and the two very opposite conceptions which divide our business men, preoccupied with national reconstruction.

France has suffered a grievous mutilation. From the first days of the war she lost by amputation, as it were, by the invasion of ten departments, 90 per cent of her iron ore production, 83 per cent of her foundries, 50 per cent of her coal; her woolen industry lost 80 per cent of its combing machines, 84 per cent of its spindles, 81 per cent of its looms; her cotton industry lost 59 per cent of its spindles; and 70 per cent of her sugar refineries were also taken from her. Altogether France was deprived of 27,763 factories, representing, according to the fiscal valuation in 1912, 30 per cent of the value of all her factories — that is to say, almost one third of her industrial power.

Victory has restored to us the occupied provinces, but in what a state! A desolated countryside, towns and villages destroyed. In addition, Germany, according to her usual method, has waged war on the factories. What the fire of artillery has not destroyed her system of organized pillage has carried off. A large proportion of our coal mines are flooded; a third of our blast furnaces are destroyed and the remaining two thirds have been stripped of their machinery; all the plant of the steel factories and rolling mills has been carried off to Germany; in our spinning mills we have only found 40 per cent of the wool-combing spindles, 30 per cent of the carded wool spindles, and 30 per cent of the cotton spindles. In our weaving factories only 40 per cent of our wool looms, 20 per cent of our cotton looms, and 10 per cent of our cloth looms are left to us. Everywhere the stocks have been taken, the running plant carried off, the mill dams broken.

In face of this tremendous disaster our allies have thought: France will evidently want to reconstruct as quickly as possible her machinery of production. She needs an enormous quantity of industrial material. Well, in England, as in America, the factories, suddenly deprived by the armistice of war orders, are in a state of dangerous over-production. Let us sell to our ally the goods and the machinery which we have too much of. In this way France will rapidly recover, we shall escape a crisis, and thus everybody will be better off.

The French Government refused these offers. Why? Because during the four and a half years of war the ruined industries of the north and east have little by little been set up again in the uninvaded portion of the country. The government needed enormous supplies of shells, explosives, fabrics, etc., which the allied or neutral workshops, overwhelmed with orders, were not able always to supply. It begged experienced manufacturers who

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had escaped the invasion to set up and to carry on new works; it offered them capital, without interest, requisitioned man-power, an abundance of orders at high prices. Thus there came about a tremendous migration of factories. The metal companies of Lorraine installed themselves on the coal fields of Central France, or at Bayonne near the Spanish mines, or in the neighborhood of Rouen, within easy reach of the iron of Normandy and the coal of England. The spinning and weaving mills were transferred near to Havre, the chemical factories near the waterfalls of the Pyrenees and the Alps. Our Channel, Atlantic, and Mediterranean ports, where we imported foreign products, underwent a vast extension, and very soon France found herself master of a new industry equal to the old. At the end of 1917 the working-class population actually showed an increase of 2 per cent on the figures of 1913. In spite of the invasion of her richest departments, France had regained, if she had not even increased, her pre-war industrial activity.

Progress was made not only in the number but also in the quality of the factories. Under the pressure of urgent state needs, and thanks to the stimulation of high prices, the old industries, like the new, bought new plants and improved tools and machinery. The manufactures of war time — shells and guns — have imposed habits of precision in work which were not known before; the workpeople have been trained to work in shifts and to produce a large output. So much so that we have to-day many model factories splendidly equipped with machinery where everybody — workmen, owners, shareholders — has got accustomed to making big profits and means to go on making them.

On the top of this came the armistice, surprising all these people working at high pressure for the spring campaign. It was impossible to stop all orders abruptly without causing enormous losses among the manufacturers and throwing masses of workmen idle. It was hurriedly decided to adapt the workshops to peace uses. Some would turn out agricultural tractors, others automobiles; these weaving looms, those wagons. The explosive factories would make dyes and artificial manures. For all these neither orders nor customers would be lacking.

But time was needed to settle the designs, to change the plant, to organize the commercial service (during the four years of work for the state there had been none). Then it was that first the American and then the English missions hurried to France. Our allies were quite ready to sell us what we wanted. So long as our government, driven by the urgent need of munitions, had forced our factories into the manufacture of armaments, it had bought from abroad especially such accessories as wagons, trucks, motors, etc., which were as useful in peace as in war. The English and Americans were not able, therefore, to stop their importations into France without a crisis. They offered us, then, whatever we needed, and at a low price. But, then, what would become of our own industries? While we were adapting our plants to the new needs, all the home market would be captured by our allies. We should have to produce less, to sell cheaper, to forego fat dividends and big salaries — those compensations for dear living.

There was another danger: the greater part of the new industries had been established in unfavorable conditions. Far from the sources of their raw materials, or from their markets, the net costs would be burdened with heavy transport charges. That did not matter so long as they were working

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for the state, which always paid very well. But if one opened the market to foreign competition it was clear that many of our factories placed in exceptional and artificial positions would not be able to survive. Certainly their owners would not be ruined by that, for the greater number of them had had all their capital repaid in interest in four years; but one does not easily resign one's self to closing down a business which has cost so much trouble and yielded such good profits, when it is doing well. And, again, if foreign competition obliged our factories to reduce their output, it would be necessary to dismiss some of the workmen; so pressure was put on the government, Parliament, the press, the trusts themselves, by pointing to the spectres of unemployment, low salaries, and social unrest. Accordingly, our chief manufacturers agreed on the following programme: To close the French market to all English and American manufactured goods — wagons, trucks, dyes, cloth — and to restrict the importations to absolutely indispensable materials — coal, steel, sheet-iron, wool, and cotton.

On these two conditions our war factories will be able gradually to adapt their plants to peace needs; they will be kept fully employed, will make big profits, pay high wages, and the workpeople will be contented as in the blessed days of the war.

But at this rate when shall we restore the devastated regions? Make your mind easy; that has not been forgotten. The factories born of the war have developed so greatly that, once they have been converted, it will take scarcely more than a year or two for the reconstitution of agriculture and of industry in uninvaded France. Then they will have to fear over-production in their turn. Will they seek a foreign market? Impossible; for as they import their coal and almost all their raw materials they will not be able to fight their English and American competitors, who, besides, in the interval, will have captured all the markets. There are, of course, the French colonies, but they are poor and their development is so slow.

Happily, we have at hand, inside our own frontiers, a new land, a country known to be exceedingly rich. The soil is fertile, coal and iron are abundant. There all is destroyed; everything has to be remade — mine shafts, props, blast furnaces, steel factories, weaving mills, buildings, towns, farms, agricultural implements. Work costing sixty billions is waiting to be done there, according to the official report. What more extensive markets could you dream of? What is Morocco, what is Indo-China compared with these ten departments waiting to be rebuilt?

But it is essential that Allied products should not penetrate them, for in a year or so reconstruction would come to an end, and by the time our factories were ready the market would have disappeared. Let us close them, then, to the foreign importer as we have closed Algeria or Madagascar. We have no diplomatic difficulties to fear; the devastated regions, happily, are in France. Already a Reconstruction Office controls all buying from outside, and it has forbidden anybody to import the least thing without its permission.

At this rate the reconstruction process will doubtless be a little slow. M. Loucheur stated in Parliament that it would not begin seriously for two years. It will take at least two more years to reëstablish our steel works, five or six to set certain mines going, and, according to an official report, all the houses cannot be rebuilt for sixteen years. It seems that our devas-

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tated regions will have to wait till the factories behind them are ready to work for them. They will have to regulate their needs to suit the convenience of those who will supply them. It would be wrong to exhaust too quickly a market like this. It is necessary to avoid jolts, to stabilize production so as to prevent crises, to make sure of the big dividends, and to prepare for gradual liquidation.

As to the refugees, there is no need to trouble about them. The majority of the great manufacturers of the north and east have set up their factories behind the war zone. They are more concerned about the prosperity of those who are doing well than of those who are ruined. As to the workmen, in the past four years many of them have become accustomed to working in new districts. As to the peasants, so attached to the place of their birth, so eager to restore their ruined farms, the providential indifference of the government officials has already succeeded in discouraging them. The greater part of those who went back in the first days have been maddened by the delays and are returning.

Thus the new industries born of the war, well protected against foreign competition, assured of an important market on the spot, can develop at their ease and look to the future with confidence.

Such is the policy of our great war magnates of industry. Accustomed to live on the state, having given up for five years their useless commercial services, they can only continue to exist by grace of the government's protection. They have all the more influence over the government because by their *consortiums*, now official, they have become an integral part of it, and because the state has delegated to them a part of its powers. Finally, they have succeeded in putting one of their number, the most active and the most intelligent, at the head of the ministry charged with controlling them. To him, minister and man of business, representing at the same time both the nation and those who supply it, falls the task of showing that the interests of his two employers are identical. He has done it with remarkable cleverness, by evoking the spectre of the exchange. 'Take care,' he says. 'If you buy English cloth or American machines you are going to depreciate our currency.' The French public, including the members of Parliament, are not familiar with the machinery of international payments. But they are very much alive to the idea that the banknote of a hundred francs which they have in their pocket may become worth only eighty. They have seen in imports the spectre of bankruptcy; and deputies, press, public, everybody has approved the policy of M. Loucheur.

That is why the American machines bought by the Roubaix spinners have been countermanded; that is why the Ford motor cars, paid for by the state, go on rusting in the port of Bordeaux, and why the English cloth bought by our tailors is still at Bradford. The thesis of our war manufacturers is a proud one. They wish that our country should be raised from its ruins by its own efforts. It will be a slow process and a dear one, but France will do it for herself.

The Manchester Guardian

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TALK OF EUROPE

M. Camille Saint-Saens, the distinguished musician, has addressed to the Society of Literary Men, a protest against the anglicizing of the French language. He writes, 'The French language, in its construction, follows the natural and logical order; the noun precedes the adjective, and if this order is changed, the sense of the phrase is equally changed. When giving an address, one should first give the name of the street and then the number. Only in the annual of the Institute do I find the French ruling observed. Thus, if you to-day say to a coachman, "Rue Royale 10," he will not fail to correct you by saying, "10 Rue Royale." Another step on will lead us to "10 Royale Rue" which is English once and for all.

'On every hand, all persist in manipulating the unhappy adjective; they force it to precede the noun; we never see "Hotel Moderne" but "Modern Hotel."

'A good press campaign should be able to dispel the danger, and only just in time. Heaven grant that it is not too late!'

Philip de Laszlo, the distinguished painter, who, though Hungarian-born, has been for some years a naturalized Englishman, has been tried for certain breaches of neutrality and been found not guilty. A contrary verdict would have stripped Mr. de Laszlo of his English citizenship. Many people of distinction, among them the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Austin Chamberlain, testified in the painter's behalf. The offenses, which were purely technical, were the forwarding of sums of money to some relatives in Hungary, and the giving of a sovereign to an escaped Hungarian prisoner. Mr. de Laszlo would have been in evil case had judgment been found against him. Rightly considering him legally a Briton, the Austrians long ago confiscated all his property in the boundaries of the Empire; he would thus have been a man without a country. Mr. de Laszlo is married to an Englishwoman, and is educating his English-born children in the English manner.

Students of French politics are beginning to realize that something like a veritable duel is in progress between the 'Tiger' and his only serious rival, M. Briand, the issue at stake being the succession to the present headship of the French Government. The latest developments, when one reads between the lines, tend to foster the belief that M. Clemenceau, despite all the rumors of his pending retirement from political life, intends to be his own successor.

Some time before the war, M. Briand abruptly separated himself from his old friends of the Socialist party, and declared himself in favor of the policy of burying the hatchet, with the result that he was hailed as the future leader of the great solid party represented by moderate-thinking France. His support of electoral reform proposals has since then strengthened his prospects in this respect. Meanwhile the 'Tiger,' who has consistently declared himself thoroughly opposed to all change in the present electoral system, has won, by his magnificently energetic conduct of the war, an immensely strong position among practically all the classes of Frenchmen except the extreme Socialists, who would probably be very much inclined to forgive him for his enmity to electoral reform — which has, by the way, just been approved in the form of a legislative enactment by both Chambers of Legislature. It did not surprise many people that this fine old Parliamentary hand, in his declaration on the Treaty of Peace, borrowed a leaf from M. Briand's book of six or seven years ago, and declared himself in turn as in favor of a policy of appeasement. 'The peace,' he said, 'will be only the mirage of a day if we are not first capable of living in peace with ourselves, that is to say, to make peace at home the foundation of peace abroad'— distinctly another point to add to the

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'Tiger's' score in his duel with M. Briand.

At the same time that furiously patriotic journal, the *l'Action Française*, discovered on M. Briand's desk in the Chamber a piece of blotting paper which shows that in a recent fight on the question whether M. Jean Longuet and his brother revolutionist M. Mayeras should sit on the Parliamentary Committee on the Peace Treaty as representatives of the Socialist group, M. Briand filled up his secret balloting paper with the names of Longuet and Mayeras. Longuet, it will be remembered, was lately refused admission into England to attend the Southport Conference. The *Echo de Paris* quotes extracts from M. Longuet's Milan speech on June 3 in which he is reported by the Italian Socialist paper *Avanti* to have said, among other things, that the Peace Treaty, from the Socialist point of view, was merely a scrap of paper, and that the 'duty of the nations is to revise it in order to institute a just, true, and durable peace that will mean the triumph of Lenine in Russia, of Bela Kun in Hungary, and of Haase and Ledebour in Germany.' *L'Action Française* promises to publish a reproduction of the blotting paper and its revelations.

Paris took the signing of the peace much more joyously than did London. The ink on the famous paper was hardly dry before whistles, sirens, and cannons shrieked and boomed the news all over Paris. On the esplanade of the Invalides, where a battery of '75's' was fired, our Clemenceau appeared and shouted to the captain in command: 'This is my last shot at the enemy.' Throughout the city a tremendous enthusiasm echoed the reports of the guns, and a symphony of exultation arose from the capital: '*On les a*' ('We 've got them'), and '*Le jour de gloire est arrivé*' (the ringing words of the first lines of the 'Marseillaise.') Such is the best way to express the general frenzy of joy which betook the Parisians, while the scenes repeated themselves all down the boulevards the whole night long, as on the day of the armistice.

The opposition to the League of Nations is not confined to the United States Senate. Mr. Ian D. Colvin has just written a book which serves as a striking example of the opposition that has to be faced in Great Britain. He calls his book *The Safety of the Nation*. It would be better named *The Doctrine of Despair*. His keynote is national security. A national policy of 'the greatest happiness of the greatest number,' he argues, is folly. Security is the one paramount aim upon which we must concentrate. Perhaps. But is not the provision of security the one great comprehensive aim of the League of Nations? 'Let us suppose,' writes Mr. Colvin, 'a nation of which every man and woman had their fill of liberty, of happiness, and of content. Such a nation would be the ideal of our utilitarian philosophers. Yet it might be robbed and enslaved, or utterly destroyed, at a stroke by some poor and savage race well-disciplined in arms, and skillfully led to war.' Mr. Colvin's national policy is devised for a perpetually warring world, and he falls back, as do all his school, upon an elaboration of the Darwinian theory to justify this desperate vision of perpetual and inevitable strife. Although he writes not of armaments, but of economic strength, Mr. Colvin's policy of national safety amounts to no more or less than the hoary motto, *Si vis pacem, para bellum*. He shows no glimmering of recognition that before 1914 that motto was the basis of Continental policy, and led the world into unparalleled disaster; and his argument assumes — for he recognizes that the only alternative to his policy is the League — the impossibility of a successful League of Nations. A nation and an empire, self-sufficing, armed to the teeth economically, and presumably militarily as well, in a world of international enmity, strife, and hatred — that is the limit of vision of Mr. Colvin and his school. It is the doctrine of despair.

But Mr. Colvin is not only a skeptic of the possibilities of the League. He would regard even a successful League with horror. The League is a 'degrading proposal.' 'It is, in fact, to place our interests, our affairs, our life itself under the control of other nations. Such in plain English is the ideal of policy now being plausibly offered to a nation of free men, which once claimed and achieved the mastery of the world. If

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they are to survive they will reject that degrading proposal, and turn to the old and true national ideals of independence and security.' There speaks not only the despairer, but the stark militarist, the incorrigible believer in selfish nationalism and obsolete diplomacy. The word 'mastery' might have been penned in Potsdam in August, 1914. As anti-League propaganda Mr. Colvin's book itself is not formidable. For little weight is likely to be attached to an author so ludicrously biased as to attribute (page 29) Anglo-Irish hostility to Free Trade, and the failure of Joseph Chamberlain's tariff campaign (page 175) to the intervention of the German Emperor. Nor does a writer, who fails to see in the financial crisis at the outbreak of war, anything but a lesson of our dependence upon Germany, impress his reader with his qualifications. That crisis showed in a flash the tremendous world-wide power of financial London. But of all this Mr. Colvin can only write 'This dependence (*i.e.*, on Germany) reduced our finance to such a condition that the government was forced to intervene, and pledge the resources of the nation to meet the liabilities incurred by the banks. Those banks, which should have been a source of strength to the state, became a source of weakness.' But if Mr. Colvin's arrows are blunted by such faults, yet his school of thought must be recognized and countered.

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

John Arthur Ransome Marriott is a distinguished student of history and diplomacy. Since 1895, he has been a Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford, and a lecturer and tutor there in Modern History and Economics.

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Professor Walter Shüking, of the German Delegation to Versailles, is Chairman of the League of Nations Committee of the German International Law Society.

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General Jan Smuts commanded the troops in British East Africa during 1916–17.

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Sir Sidney Low, author and journalist, is Lecturer on Imperial and Colonial History at King's College, University of London. Americans may recall his *Political History of the Reign of Queen Victoria.*

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W. L. George, novelist and student of social questions, has recently published a new book *Blind Alley.* Mr. George, born and educated in France, is peculiarly well-fitted to discuss modern French literature.

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William H. Ogilvie, author, poet, and novelist, spent eleven years in the Australian bush sampling sheep-station life in all its phases. Between 1905 and 1907, Mr. Ogilvie was Professor of Agricultural Journalism in Iowa State College.

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THE CAPTIVE FAUN

BY RICHARD ALDINGTON

A god's strength lies
More in the fervor of his worshipers
Than in his own divinity.
Who now regards me, or who twines
Red wool and threaded lilies round the brows
Of my neglected statues?
Who now seeks my aid
To add skill to the hunter's hand,
Or save some pregnant ewe or bitch
Helpless in travail?
None, since that fierce autumn noon
I lay asleep under Zeus-holy oaks
Heavy with syrupy wine and tired
With the close embraces
Of some sweet wearer of the leopard-skin —
That noon they snared and bound me as I slept,
And dragged me for their uncouth mirth
Out of my immemorial woods and crags
Down to their bastard hamlets.

Then the god's blood my father spilled
To get me upon a mortal stock, dwindled and shrank.
And I was impotent and weak
As the once desirable flesh of my human mother;
I that should have been dreaded in wan recesses,
Worshiped in high woods, a striker of terror
To the wayfarer in lonely places,
I, a lord of golden flesh and dim music,
I a captive and coarsely derided.

Ah! I could bite the brown flesh
Of my arms and hands for shame and grief.

I am weary for the freedom of free things:
The old, gay life of the half-god,
Who had no dread of death or sorrow
I am weary for the open spaces,
The long, damp sands acrid with many tides,
And the infinite wistfulness of evening seas.
I am weary for wooded silences,
The nymph-rapt hours of heat,
The slow, cool lapse of moonlit nights
The solitude of the mysterious stars
Pearlwise scattered upon the domed breast of the great Mother,
Oh, weary for my brown, clean streams,
And wet petals of woodland flowers,
Scented with dew and delicate as a kiss.

Here they grow careless, thinking me a coward,
But one night I shall break these thongs
And kill, kill, kill in sharp revenge.
Then out of doors by the lush pastures
To the heath and the foot-hills and the hills,
To the wild-rose kisses of the deathless girls
Who laugh and flash among the trees,
Out to the unploughed lands no foot oppresses,
The lands that are free, being free of man.

The Nation

TO A LAMP IN WAPPING

BY JEAN GUTHRIE-SMITH

Because you're not a bleak official sphinx
Set on a stiff black stalk, but flowerlike spring
From night-gray stone, a curious orchid thing —
Your flame in ruffian humor blows and blinks;
A relic from that older London gleams
With haunted water, starlight, ooze, and wreck;
A faun-like visage on a crooked neck
Is yours — and a mad multitude of dreams!
Oh, druid wisdom with the joy of Puck,
Drink with us to Adventure! Give us luck!

The Spectator

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